

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY 1937.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN.

Thursday, June 28, 1838.

BY FANNY BEATY-POWNALL.

The pages from which the following historical account has been copied are yellow with age, and their delicate, flowing handwriting is dim and faint under the effacing finger of Time. She who wrote them in 1838—my mother—whose own personal recollection they enshrine, was then a young woman of 28. She passed away in 1891, at the advanced age of 81, and I have often heard her speak of the notable scene which her graphic pen here describes.

The Jubilee of our beloved Queen was welcomed by her with intense interest and thanksgiving, and one of her latest memoranda, dated June 5, 1887, records in failing handwriting, that 'After a season of storm and cold, rain, frost and snow, Trinity Sunday broke upon us with a bright and joyous summer's morn, heralding in, we trust, still brighter hours for the coming Jubilee of our beloved Queen, whom we pray God to bless, and save from all danger.'

Of her personal papers, few are more precious to me than these, in which her dear 'vanished hand' has traced the impression made upon her loyal heart and mind by the grand Coronation pageant, of which she was a privileged spectator. I can render no finer honour to her memory, than to associate it with the 'crowning history' of that great Ruler whom she regarded with deeply reverential affection, our noblest Queen amongst women, and tenderest woman among Queens—

Victoria the Venerated and Venerable.

Cora Marshall.

AN ACCOUNT OF MY PROCEEDINGS ON
THE CORONATION DAY OF HER MOST
GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

Thursday, June 28, 1838.

HAVING joined the Feredays in London on the 20th inst. (from Milton Vicarage), I remained with them at their lodgings, 306 Regent Street, until after the Coronation took place. Through Mr. Bickley's interest, we obtained tickets from his friend, Mr. Lemon, 29 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, for admittance at the Athenæum Club to see the procession to the Abbey, and, as he was appointed a Gold Stick to the Earl Marshal—Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke (Dudley Fereday's friend)—promised to look after us there; but lo! and behold, on Wednesday Sir Arthur called and told us that we must be introduced into the Club by the member whose tickets were to admit us; that the Athenæum did not open until *seven* o'clock, and Mr. Lemon had orders to be in the Abbey at five. Here was a predicament! Mr. Bickley rushed off to Mr. Lemon, and found Sir Arthur's statement too true, and what was to be done, he knew not. Anne went with Mr. L. to the Herald's office, where the order was peremptory that 'he be in the Abbey at Lord Surrey's box at five o'clock.' She left him (for dinner time approached), having received his assurance that no exertion should be spared on his part to obtain us seats somewhere, and that he was almost certain that through his interest with Lord Surrey he could get us tickets for the interior of the Abbey, and that we must be prepared to go there at half-past four the following morning, in full dress. What a bother! and like two donkeys, we fancied we had much rather have gone to the Athenæum, but then, two seats in the Abbey—for *nothing*! that was *something*,

when many would have given 20 pounds for the same. So we sat down to dinner, prepared to meet our Fate ; — ' to be,' or ' not to be,' as Mr. Lemon proved successful, or otherwise.

As we were discussing our mutton, Mr. Lemon's well-known grey horse stood at the door, his rider having dismounted, and ran in breathless, to enquire if we would be ready to accompany him to the Abbey next morning, for which he had (to his own surprise) got two tickets from Lord Surrey—or be contented with two places in Parliament Street, to see the procession.—' Which shall we do, Fanny ? ' said Anne. ' I should by all means say the Abbey,' quoth Susan. ' Oh yes, very well,' said I. ' Very well,' replied our kind friend : ' that settles it, so be ready for me at half-past four exactly.' and away he went ; leaving us to make our arrangements for the *auspicious* day. The Pownalls dined with us, and after dinner, Charles and Kate, Anne, Edwin and myself posted off to Forster's in Wigmore Street to buy *roses* or anything else, for our hair. We came home, and Charles went with me to Railton's, for long kid gloves. Then came the question, what was *I* to go in (having only two *second-* or *third-rate* costumes with me). Kate proffered to lend me her amber poplin, and Charles promised to send it for me to try on. About ten the Pownalls left us and ' Pandy ' and I retired to our own room to *fit on*, and consider what we should wear. In the midst of our consultation, arrived Charles with Kate's gown, and two splendid bouquets from *Convent Garden*. Anne nearly in fits, lest I should admit the gentleman into our room, as she was partially undressed. The gown fitted '*à merveille*' and I found that a satin dress of Anne's did the same, and as my figure was so accommodating, I had two dresses to choose from.

About eleven we laid down to rest. I got to sleep in about an hour, but was awoke about two o'clock by Anne in great perturbation, at the treatment she had received from some never-to-be-mentioned *nocturnal* visitors, who after a cessation of their civilities for two nights had chosen this time to pay their respects to her. Though sincerely pitying her, I could not help laughing at her exclamations of disgust, and on seeing her depart, wrapped up in her cloak, for the sitting-room sofa, I could not compose my risible muscles for some time. I only got another short doze, when three o'clock having struck, Anne marched in again and begged me to arise. Then came the horrors of dressing, half by daylight, half by candlelight, looking like ghosts, and endeavouring to place roses and wreaths so as to be becoming. 'Pandy' had a very pretty embroidered muslin lined and trimmed with *lemon* colour; short sleeves, long kid gloves, and her beautiful 'Victoria wreath' of roses and chrysanthemums in her hair, yellow topaz earrings and brooch. I selected the satin dress, with Kate's blonde cape, stuck a rose on each side of my head, and my bouquet in my bosom, and ran into the room where Teddy made me *try* to eat some breakfast. I swallowed a cup of coffee, and we each filled a bag with sweet biscuits to satisfy the cravings of 'nater,' when as Anne was placing her bouquet, up drove Mr. Lemon's carriage, and he in his Coronation dress—a frock of dark blue cloth, richly braided with gold, a white silk sash with gold fringe, white silk *untalkaboutables*! stockings to match, black shoes and gold buckles, a cocked hat and black, and staff of office.

We quickly shawled, and drove off, on a misty, grey-looking morning, and when we reached Charing Cross we found a continued line of carriages all the way to the Abbey. The balconies not yet occupied, but many people astir, and

flags flying in all directions. Our coachman skilfully whipped in between the carriages in Great George Street, and twenty minutes before five we were set down at the covered way to the north entrance ; our tickets being for the north transept gallery. A crowd soon collected as far as the first barrier in the entrance, a gay group of ladies in every variety of full dress, all in anxious expectation of the clock striking five, when the doors were to be opened. I turned round, to look at those behind me, and was greeted by Miss Luard, who with her party, remained close to us until we had passed the barrier. A few minutes after five, the way was opened, and a pretty considerable squeeze there was, ladies exclaiming 'Oh dear ! bless me !' etc. and their attendant gentlemen begging those behind not to *push so*, which they politely assured them they could not avoid. I met with a kind soul, who guarded me through the mass, and to whom I was obliged for keeping my shawl on my shoulders. But *the* squeeze commenced, on the door into the Abbey being opened, and as only one person could enter at once, the eager endeavours to be first were 'obstreperous.' Anne was first ; Mr. Lemon and I followed, and not seeing her, I called out 'Anne Fereday !' as loudly as I could. When she made her way to us, Mr. Lemon hastily shook our hands, bidding 'God bless us' and that he would come to us when he could.

As fast as our legs would carry us, we ran up the winding stone stairs and rushed down breathless into the front seat of the gallery—quite exhausted with our previous exertions, and too much tired to speak. We were agreeably surprised to find ourselves in a very good situation. The Peeresses' seats just below us, in the centre of the transept, a full view of the Chair of State, the Throne, the Royal and Ambassadors' boxes. The seats all round us were quickly occu-

pied ; and the dresses of the ladies were very elegant ; diamonds and jewels ' rich and rare,' with gold embroidery glittering in all directions : uniforms of all sorts, and gentlemen in Court dresses being mingled amongst the fairer part of Creation. I soon composed myself to take a doze, supported by a stone pillar behind me, and many ladies seemed inclined to follow my example. So passed the hours, with many a peep down at the Peeresses, as they took their seats ; everyone as she entered, exciting a buzz of admiration from the splendour of her dress. Such tiaras—necklaces and stomachers of diamonds—each one that came, seeming more dazzling than the last, and all had white satin, blonde, or gold lamé dresses—embroidered and fringed with gold, beneath their crimson velvet robes. Many came as early as six o'clock and Lord Brownlow was one of the first Peers who arrived.

At nine o'clock we heard the Park guns announce the Queen's departure from the Palace, but not until eleven, did the first carriage of the Royal Procession reach the Abbey. Before that, some of the foreign ambassadors entered their box, in splendid dresses, one in a beautiful violet-coloured velvet vest, with a short mantle of silver tissue, trimmed with dark sable, and a splendid dagger in the girdle : he was either German or Austrian. We had a full view of all the Foreign Ministers as they entered, and were marshalled into their box—they, and their ladies and suites entering conversation with the Peeresses as they passed them. A general movement and murmur announced which was Marshal Soult, a rather little man, seemingly infirm, and grey-headed. Then came such a handsome man, who, I fancy, was the Turkish ambassador, though some said it was Prince Strogonoff, the Russian. He was rather a stout-built figure, a clear dark complexion, with

colour ;—a noble forehead, and large dark eyes, eyebrows, hair and moustachios, with a most pleasing good-humoured, animated countenance ; his dress was of crimson velvet, richly embroidered in gold ; a mantle of the same, with a deep falling collar of swansdown ; and a gold hilted dagger : altogether he was the most seduisant person in appearance I saw : he had a round crowned cap of crimson velvet, with ornaments of gold. But the ‘observed of all observers’ was Prince Esterhazy—in his ‘diamond dress’ ; for nearly the whole of his dark green hussar uniform was covered with brilliants, and the tops of his Hessian boots the same ; in his hand was his hussar cap, in which was a splendid spray, in the form of three feathers, composed entirely of diamonds. He chatted with great gaiety to the Peeresses, kissing their hands with much gallantry, and seeming delighted at the admiration they expressed at his splendid appearance. The Greek Minister was most elegant in appearance ; in the full costume which is so graceful and becoming. The Hungarian in the same style and their ladies elegantly attired. After them, came the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Augusta and ladies in waiting, and Prince George, who is a most amiable pleasing-looking young man, and a most ‘topping’ slight figure. The Duchess of Kent, looking very *queenly*, and handsome. She and the Duke of Sussex were warmly greeted on their entrance.

But nothing could exceed the excitement when the guns announced the Queen’s arrival—and as she walked from the western door, the organ and choir struck up, everyone standing up to greet her on her first appearance. What a glittering and gorgeous sight ! Her Majesty walked with a slow and stately step, raising her eyes, and looking at every point of the gay assemblage. She looked

flushed and excited : and wore a splendid tiara, necklace and earrings of diamonds, a blonde dress over white satin, embroidered and fringed with gold : her long crimson train borne by eight Maids of Honour, most simply and elegantly dressed in white satin and blonde, trimmed with blush roses and silver leaves, and each had a wreath of blush roses round her hair, at the back of the head. The Duchess of Sutherland, in her robes, and coronet borne by a page. The Queen immediately walked to her chair of state, which was placed before the Royal box, and she sank down on her knees on the velvet cushion, remaining some time in private prayer. She conversed a good deal with the Dean of Westminster and the bishops near her, and seemed to be enquiring how the ceremony was to proceed. Then took place the Recognition, the Archbishop of Canterbury presenting her to the people—the Queen standing ; the Peeresses bowing their heads, and everyone shouting with the Peers, ‘ God Save Queen Victoria.’ Immediately commenced the Coronation Anthem ;—everyone standing—the old Duke of Sussex appearing delighted with the music, beating time, and nodding his head to every note, and the Duchess of Kent beating time with her fan.

The ceremonies then proceeded, and we could see the Queen at the Altar, where she took off her diamond circlet, and looked very well with her plain braided hair. The *act* of her being crowned, we did not see, as a pillar interrupted our view ; immediately on the Archbishop placing the crown on, someone below waved a white flag for a signal, and directly after, the guns from the Tower commenced firing, the trumpets sounded, drums beat, the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets, and in unison with the choir a thousand voices shouted, ‘ God save the Queen ’ amid the clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs. The

Queen immediately left the seat where she had been crowned, and sat on her chair of state, and no sooner was she seated, than the sun burst forth from the south window, and his beams fell full upon her ; her magnificent crown glittering in its light with all the hues of the rainbow.

Many other ceremonies followed after the Bishop of London had preached the sermon, and the Queen retired for a short time. On re-entering she had the robe of cloth of gold put on, and was led to the Throne to receive homage ; her attendants standing on the steps leading up to the Throne—and the officers of State standing on each side, at the bottom. The Dukes of Richmond, Norfolk, Lord Melbourne with the Sword of State, Marquis of Conyngham, etc., etc. The Bishops came first, and then the Royal Dukes of Cambridge and Sussex, who embraced her. Her manner was particularly affectionate to the Duke of Sussex, to whom she gave both her hands, and kissed him. Then came the Peers, according to their rank ; the Duke of Wellington was warmly greeted, and also the Marquis of Angelsea ; the only other Peers much noticed were Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne. Poor Lord Rolle, a very infirm and aged man, on reaching the last step but one to the Throne, *rolled* backwards, and fell on the floor ; the surrounding peers raised him up : the Queen turning anxiously to enquire whether he was hurt, and as he ascended the steps again, she rose from her seat, and advanced with her hand out to meet him : an act of kindness and good feeling that was welcomed with an enthusiastic burst of applause.

A most amusing scene behind the Throne was the scramble for the Coronation medals—the little Pages enjoying it amazingly, and the Gold Sticks and others joining in the fray, for in their eagerness they knocked one another down, without any ceremony, and the Peeresses were groping about

in all directions as the Earl of Surrey threw the medals amongst them.

The doing homage being over, Mr. Lemon came to us to take us down to wait for the carriage, and we luckily fell in with his brother, Mr. Edward Lemon, who begged us to hasten, and get up to the leads outside the Abbey, to see the Procession on its way to the Palace. Without any introduction, or another word, I found my arm within the *strange man's*, and away we went, as fast as we could, up an immense number of stone stairs, all in the dust and dirt, to the great detriment of satin dresses and shoes. Such a narrow place ! and some going up, and some coming down. The parapet where we stood was soon filled with ladies, who seemed to think nothing of their beautiful lace dresses, but very coolly located themselves on the leads, to await the procession. My Mr. Lemon took me into the Abbey, on the stone gallery by the north window, where we remained until the Royal party left their box, when we returned to our position on the leads, and I stood on a step just under an arch, to see over the heads of those before me, and such pushing backwards, ladies screaming out that they should be thrown over ! My companion's arm supported me, and he completely held me on, and took all possible care of my blonde cape and shawl. He was a nice *larkey* man, and I felt at home with him immediately. Anne and her Mr. Lemon we entirely lost sight of, for some time.

It is impossible to describe the splendour of the different equipages. The effect was beautiful from our elevated position, the sun shining brilliantly on the magnificent cortège ; the different galleries crowded with people ; the tops of houses and every place occupied ; flags flying, and bells ringing, horses prancing : a most animated scene. There were a dozen Royal carriages, and six horses each. A

hundred Yeomen of the Guard, etc., preceded the Queen's State carriage; the Household troops with the band playing 'God save the Queen.' On the Queen's appearance, a thousand voices rent the air, and the carriage moved very slowly towards Great George Street. The effect of the procession as it wound round from the Abbey into Great George Street and then into Parliament Street was very fine.

When we left our station, we saw Anne and Mr. L. and we followed them as quickly as we could, down the narrow stairs. It really was a work of difficulty descending in clouds of dust and dirt. When we reached the lower part of the Abbey, we lost sight of our friends, and Mr. Edward and I found ourselves alone, we did not know where; we retraced our steps in the dark passages, and at last, in some part of the Abbey, popped upon an old lady and her daughter, who seemed delighted at the sight of 'Edward.' They proved to be Mrs. James Lemon's mother and sister, and they followed us to the north entrance to look for James. People standing in crowds, waiting for their carriages. I was far too tired to enjoy the *fun* of the thing, and went on whithersoever they led me, in a passive state of non-resistance. However, in the covered passage we saw Mr. L. and Anne, who wondered what had become of me—and there we stood, as others did, for an hour and a half, in the hope of hearing our carriage called; and Anne and I were sure that neither of the *men* relished the addition of the *old* lady to our party. Mr. Anderson, in his Yeomanry uniform, came and shook hands with me, he and Mrs. A. waiting for their carriage, and little Lord Worsley I saw half a dozen times in the same uniform. Oh! a *seat* of any kind would have been worth a guinea, and ladies most splendidly dressed, were sitting *à la Turque*, on the floor.

At last Anne and I mounted the wooden barrier, and there

we sat, eating our biscuits, Anne taking charge of the *Gold Stick*, whilst Mr. L. went for some refreshment, and 'Edward' was despatched to see where the carriage was. After a *long time*, he returned, telling us it was at the far end of Parliament Street, so after sitting a little longer we determined to walk to it, as many other ladies did so. We took the young lady with us, leaving the old one to take care of herself, and wait for her own carriage. We had not reached Great George Street before, to our joy, we saw the carriage coming, and to our amazement, Edwin joined us at the same time. It was delicious to throw oneself on the seat, and drive off.

Mr. E. L. bade us adieu, and without any material stoppage, we arrived at 306 Regent Street at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 o'clock.

Our first enquiry of Teddy, was *how* he managed to get up to us, and to pass the military and police. He got, somehow or other, through the crowd, into Great George Street and the police would not let him stir a step, until he bethought him of saying he wanted to go and speak to one of the officers on duty that he knew. The police asked him 'Which officer?' and he pointed to one, saying 'That one': upon which he was allowed to pass, and he went up to him, and told him he was waiting for some ladies in the Abbey, who had no one to see them out, but himself, and he requested he might be allowed to pass. The officer laughed, and said 'As *ladies* were in the case, he could not object,' and gave orders that Edwin might stand near him, and move when he pleased.

Dinner was a treat, having ate nothing but a few biscuits, for *fourteen* hours. Old Dudley came to hear our adventures. Edwin got a coach for *four pounds* to go with the Lemons to see the illuminations and fireworks in the Park. They could not persuade me to go with them, and on their departure at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, I retired to the arms of Mor-

pheus. Edwin and I agreeing that *one* such day was enough in *one's* life. Anne came home at *half past one*, delighted with what she had seen, and we were both tolerably *seedy* the next day.

Written at Milton Vicarage.

July, 1838.

F. C. B.—

PATHWAYS.

The dark, delicate horned hooves,
The fragile, fleet feet of the Deer,
Have traced deep narrow grooves,
Here, there, far and near.
Paths in the sighing grass,
That lead nowhere for human feet,
Towards the bog they pass,
Till reeds and the tufted marsh delete
Them quite . . . These strange ephemeral ways
Where the wild Deer pass . . .
This winding wandering maze
Through the white whispering grass.

PHILIPPA GALLOWAY.

Cumloden, 1937.

DARK HORSES.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

[At Merton Magna, in East Devon, live Richard Challice, wheelwright, Ivy, his wife, Leonard, Samson, and Linda, his children, and Verity, his old mother. Simon Pye, friendly, retired neighbour, engages Richard to look after his orchard and Linda as maidservant: he makes friends with the Challices and gives Richard his dream, a piece of land on which is a disused lime-kiln.]

V.

GERALD.

SIMON PYE was under no illusion as to the meaning of his son's visit. They had not met for three years and, on the last occasion, Gerald desired a contribution to help him from passing difficulties. Thought of him never created any anxiety in his father's mind because the young man possessed good intellect and concentrated every thought and energy upon himself. He was gifted and could claim that somewhat horrible quality: an old head on young shoulders. The age did not appear in Gerald's striking and handsome features, but in a mind of singular acuteness that lent to his manner of life prevision, caution and a miser's instinct of self-control in certain vital directions. He was sensual, but curbed his passions the better to enjoy them. He devoted immense attention to a very fine body and rejoiced in keeping it perfect. He had never done one useful thing, devoting existence to his own satisfaction alone; but unlike an average, dissolute youngster, Gerald brought the common sense and self-denial of a mature man to guard him against excess, or any course of action that must impair his constitution and endanger his credit balance with nature. None of this

appeared and only a very subtle student of physiognomy had read into Gerald's eyes the thoughts that sometimes glazed them and gave a glimpse into the secret chambers of his mind. His most challenging, superficial quality was charm. His voice rang mellow and kindly ; his expression was amiable. The majority of his acquaintance had never glimpsed the truth about him and women found him intensely attractive. He could think for others, but never for nothing. He looked far ahead, always weighed the possible value of creating a friendship, never quarrelled openly, but never forgave a wrong when it was inflicted upon him. He had the art to hit back and the self-control to keep the pleasure of revenge to himself. Thus he passed for a well-meaning and good-hearted young man and his baneful endowments were not suspected.

In person Gerald stood a foot taller than his father and was gracefully put together. He took plenty of exercise and kept hard and healthy. Good health indeed exuded from him, and his cheerfulness alone sufficed to make him friends without the tact that always accompanied it. His features he inherited from his mother. They were large and regular. His mouth was full-lipped, yet cleanly turned, his nose high in the nostril and well modelled. His hair was brown with a natural curl, but he kept it short and shaved clean. His teeth were perfect and his grey eyes, under big, dark eyebrows, bright and shifty as an April sky. He could face women with them steadily enough and make them glow like stars ; but not men, and yet nothing to be described as furtive distinguished them. They moved this way and that with quick glances. Only when he was alone did the curtain sometimes rise upon his mask and its features grew older, harder, in an eerie fashion. Then he looked wise, with an inner wisdom his fellow-creatures had never discerned.

Gerald dressed somewhat loudly and his natural restraint did not prevent lack of taste where clothes were concerned. He possessed a native instinct for fine feathers, and since its practice did not interfere with his manner of life, he decked himself rather gaudily. He wore a sporting sort of garments. He was not aware that they stamped him, or negated the status of 'gentleman' he always jealously claimed. Nor, perhaps, had he modified his luxurious tweeds and red waistcoat with brass buttons, even had he appreciated his error, for he knew by experience that such feminine birds as he might cultivate appreciated gay plumage in the male. He was vain and liked praise, but far too sagacious to be deceived by applause from his own sex. He judged of human character fairly correctly by reason of native insight; but those with whom he consorted were much of one pattern and presented no very difficult problems. His knowledge was definite, but limited, since he only envisaged his fellow-creatures from the personal angle and felt solely interested in their possibilities of usefulness. That fact, however, none guessed before his genial approach and warmth of manner. His quality of charm and power to please created the immense self-confidence those gifts are apt to engender, and Gerald would face high or low alike without a thought of failure. He knew the value of his voice and his smile and the actor's gifts behind them.

The young man lived in London and kept a modest establishment. He changed his lodgings from time to time and never entertained, or invited acquaintance to join him except at houses of public entertainment. He owned a powerful sporting motor-car which he drove himself; but since it was a costly machine, he did not now drive to Devon in it. He came to ask for money, but sight of such a car had not helped the cause with his father and Gerald therefore

took train to Redchester, and took a taxi-cab out to Merton Magna in time for tea. No countryside, unless it embraced a race-course, offered the least interest to him ; but it was typical of his touch that he began by praising the beauties of Simon's home and the charms of woodland, meadowland and river valley that surrounded it.

'Jolly glad to see you again, my dear Dad,' he said, as he shook his father's hand and beamed upon him. 'And what a perfectly glorious corner you've found for yourself, sir ! Natural beauty on every side and a jolly house you've built ! Don't think I didn't want to run down as soon as you came into residence—I did ; but somehow the chance never happened. I work jolly hard, you know. You need to in my business.'

Simon surveyed his son and perceived his splendid physical condition. He noted the familiar, challenging tweeds, the flamboyant red waistcoat and silk handkerchief to match it.

'You look well, Gerald,' he said. 'Obviously you are exceedingly fit, and still, no doubt, fit for nothing, I suppose.'

His son laughed and clapped the older man on the shoulder.

'Too bad, Dad—after all these years ! But as for you, you look younger. I swear you do. The country's knocked years off you. You're a regular athlete and will walk me off my legs, I expect.'

'Seeing your legs are about twice as long as mine, it ought to be the other way round,' answered Mr. Pye. 'Haven't you got a car ? I should have thought you would have come by road.'

Gerald lied.

'Times are a bit too hard for a car, Governor. But I hope I may be in a position to start one before the winter.'

The young man praised everything and specially dwelt on his father's evident good health.

'Your stiffness has gone,' he said. 'I can see you've cured your rheumatism—the old enemy, Dad.'

'Not at all,' answered Simon. 'You can't cure rheumatism any more than you can cure hereditary gout—you can only fight it with prayer and fasting. May you never be called to the battle.'

'I keep active and feed light,' explained Gerald. 'And I keep my conscience clear, Dad. Nothing like a good conscience—better than Kruschen salts and dumb-bells even.'

'Dear me!' said Simon. 'The old, noble sentiments still in evidence. Many people mistake no conscience for a good one, Gerald, so take heed lest you fall, my boy.'

They drank tea together and by common consent delayed the inevitable reasons for their meeting until another day; but after a meal Simon took Gerald for a walk beside the river, listened without any conviction to his rhapsodies at the evening light upon the water, and presently lectured him.

'Your mode of life is, I imagine, unchanged?' he asked, and the young man admitted that it was so.

'I still keep the flag flying and am pretty well known as a "gentleman backer," Dad,' he answered.

After brief silence, Simon asked another question.

'You do not allow yourself much leisure for serious reading—philosophy and sociology and so forth, I expect?'

'Afraid not, Father. One ought, I know, to have an intelligent sort of interest in things like that, and I always tell myself I will some day; but the turf is rather an exacting mistress. I'm a great student of form, and that means a good bit of reading—scientific in a way and part of my business.'

Mr. Pye made no comment on this apology.

'One may take it, then, that you have never heard of that noble and eminent character, Felix Adler?' he asked.

Gerald shook his head.

'Never till this auspicious moment, Dad.'

'Adler was a notable humanist and did much practical and precious work in the world,' explained Simon. 'His writings and the accounts handed down concerning his theories are very valuable in my opinion. He attached vast importance to self-respect, Gerald, and he believed that our struggle for self-respect is a sign of the divinity latent in mankind—an even mightier thing than the struggle for existence itself.'

Young Pye concealed a yawn.

'Jolly interesting, Dad,' he said.

'Yes, jolly interesting to any reflective mind. Since I came to live in the country I have seen many poor, humble people struggling to preserve their dignity and self-respect against crushing odds. But I have seldom observed well-to-do and prosperous people give the subject a thought. There is very little self-respect in the world to-day. If there were more, we should hear protests against the disgraceful, national events recorded in the newspapers and the oceans of cruelty and barbarism set flowing round the earth. But self-respect for suffering humanity at large awakens no universal and righteous indignation.'

'All these blackguard dictators,' suggested Gerald. 'No better than a lot of gunmen, Dad. National enemies, Number One, Two and Three.'

'No passionate protest rings round civilisation,' continued Mr. Pye. 'We only think of these base degradations in terms of politics and trade. Our statesmen will shake any brutal hand rather than see our own safety threatened. We cower and cringe before the truculent might of other countries, and self-respect goes by the board unmarked. We don't appear to miss it, or feel ourselves any the smaller

for its loss. Not so did we stand in the council chambers of Europe when Napoleon fell.

'However,' continued Simon, 'these generalities won't interest you. I want to be personal and waken your own self-respect in the matter of your own life, my son. The existence that you have chosen to live is a mean existence—a shoddy, selfish, useless existence. The world would be cleaner and more wholesome if horse-racing were swept neck and crop out of it.'

'Damn it all, Dad—the sport of kings!'

'The sport of kings makes no appeal to me,' answered Mr. Pye. 'There is a very ugly back-side to the sport of kings, Gerald. I am no kill-joy either and would not have you deny yourself the pleasure it gives you; but I do say that now—in sight of thirty years old—you might find some better and worthier occupation and opening for your abundant energies than to live on the race-course. Self-respect should create this conviction in you. And I make bold to say that the same idea must have occurred to you occasionally, if only on your bad days when you lost money.'

Gerald made no immediate answer to this challenge, though he could have said much in support of himself. But he knew his arguments would carry little weight with his father. He sneered out of sight at the old man's platitudes, but his cue to-day was easily taken.

'You make me feel small, Dad,' he answered presently. 'I know every word you say is true and I have felt just such twinges of conscience as you suggest—not only on bad days, but good ones. A man ought to do something with his life besides preserve it for his own selfish amusement. You said just now that it was no good keeping fit if you were content to be fit for nothing. Of course that's very true indeed and it hit me harder than you think. I shan't forget

a word you've told me, and if you've got a book or two in your library you'd like me to read, I'll take them with me and promise to read them.'

'I've got a hundred,' answered Simon. 'I have a hundred that would give you plenty of material for sane thoughts, and they are all very much at your service.'

'There's a fog creeping over the river—bad for you, I expect,' suggested the younger. 'Better turn, Dad.'

He was kindly and thoughtful. He confessed his errors and believed himself capable of curing them. His tact was admirable; but Simon said very little after his admonition. He had heard his son's noble sentiments and been the subject of his devoted filial attention so often when the case demanded it. These exercises of charm and tact, therefore, awakened little greater belief than had he seen them on the stage.

They returned at seven o'clock to the simple evening meal that Simon always ate at that hour. He had made some slight additions for his son, but not anything of a sort to interest Gerald. The young man presently appeared in a dinner jacket and dress shirt. Evening dress suited him exceedingly well and he knew it; but his father begged that he would not be at the trouble to change again.

'You'll get nothing worth all that splendour here,' he said. 'It's wasted on my roast and boiled, and on me too. In fact I don't like it.'

'Never again then, Dad. Only donned for a sign of respect,' vowed Gerald.

And then he enjoyed his first sight of Ethelinda, who waited on them. Simon saw him start and concentrate when the girl appeared and marked his son appraising her from under his eyelashes as she ministered to their needs. Mr. Pye was secretly amused but scented no danger. Gerald's entanglements of the past had never involved a woman, and

Simon until now had judged that they did not interest him. But Gerald became very bright and entertaining at dinner, tuning his vivacity to the increased audience.

Linda had already found matter for interest in Mr. Pye's visitor and, when unpacking his suitcase, been faced with quite a new experience. His garments, his toilet requisites, his silken pyjamas were a strange and wonderful spectacle, for never in her former place had such remarkable material confronted her. She marvelled that her commonplace employer should possess such a remarkable son and, as she waited at table, considered Gerald quite the most striking male she had ever seen. He belonged to another world and much that he said she could not even understand. The contrast between him and his father astounded Linda, and it was that she dwelt upon to Mr. Pye's housekeeper when the dinner had ended.

'You'd almost think it was contrary to nature for a go-by-the-ground little gentleman like master to have such a grand sort of a son,' she said. But Mrs. Butters explained it.

'They commercials that make money often give their childer bigger advantages than what they had themselves,' she told Linda, 'and so you'll see a retired tradesman with a son a gentleman—to the eye if no more.'

'There's a style about him and he's amazing handsome,' declared Linda.

'Looks are nothing,' replied Mrs. Butters. 'They come mostly from the mothers, and beautiful mothers will often bring handsome sons even if their fathers ain't no account. Beauty belongs outside breeding. You can see that for yourself in the looking-glass, Linda.'

Simon always retired at ten o'clock and his son did likewise, but next morning Gerald was up before the household and

descended to the river lightly clad for an early bathe. Linda beheld him on his way and presently, looking out of the front door, saw the visitor swimming with vigour against the gentle currents of Exe. He used an over-arm stroke and she admired the sight.

'Lord!' she thought, 'if there was anybody could learn me to swim, I'd go out at morning light and love it.'

Soon after nine o'clock Mr. Pye took breakfast and learned of his son's operations.

'I never heard of anybody going swimming here,' he said, 'but a very healthy and proper thing to do.'

Gerald knew that his father permitted himself one cigar a week and was used to smoke it on Sunday. He had brought a box of expensive Havannahs and made some parade with the gift.

'I remembered your liking, Dad, and I hope you'll give me the pleasure of seeing you smoke a cigar every day for a change. You can well afford that little luxury, and I know somebody who can send you first-rate smokes a lot cheaper than you'd be able to buy them yourself.'

He looked after his parent at breakfast and protested that he did not eat enough.

'You want somebody to see you treat yourself more generously, Dad,' he said.

Simon listened to his solicitude, but made few comments. The scene was a repetition of others like it and Gerald's technique had improved. He praised everything, asked questions and declared keen interest in the orchard. He reminded his father about the books and chattered amiably and intelligently while he made a large breakfast.

When the meal was ended Mr. Pye spoke.

'Well,' he said, 'now you've uttered your fine sentiments, Gerald, and spread your ground-bait, you'd best to start and

see what you can catch. Come in my book room presently and I'll hear what's brought you.'

'That's a bit dry, Dad! But this rare place has made me forget what I came for very nearly. Not quite though. I'll be there in half an hour. You're such a one for getting down to brass tacks.'

He told his story later.

'You were reminding me what I owe to myself, Dad,' he began, 'but just at the minute it's rather a question of what I owe to somebody else. I've been a fool and broken a rule—always a fool thing to do if the rule's a good one. I've made an iron rule not to play cards and then, under press of circumstances and to oblige some friends, I joined a pretty hot gamble and got it in the neck. Serve me right you'll say, and I don't deny it. A bit of silly weakness and I got the reward that weakness deserves. In a word, I dropped two hundred quid—a debt of honour as they say. A lot of money to lose in a night and I haven't the shadow of an excuse. I can borrow it, of course, on my expectations, but there's only one person I would borrow from if I could help it, and that's you, Dad. And I know I can't borrow from you, because you won't lend money. It's been a lifelong rule with you.'

'Have you borrowed money on your expectations at any time? You'll come into your mother's money in a year now.'

'Never one farthing, Father. I've lived on my income and kept within it. But I haven't saved. You see, one has to travel a good bit—to the Northern and Midland race meetings—and one has to dress well and live like a gentleman. But I don't waste money and always live in very modest apartments.'

'And how does your precious business serve you? You

say you live within your means. Don't you make any money at all ?'

'Plenty, but it's up and down. I won't pretend that I make much money. You have a good spell, and then comes a bad spell. That's why what you said last night made a pretty strong appeal. I may go on till I come in to Mother's money, and then my idea was to consult you about an investment—a partnership, or something. I'm not afraid of work. I'm proud of our good name and all that sort of thing and I don't want to cadge. I never have and I never will. But if, for once, you could see your way to break your rule and lend me the money, you could trust me to return it quickly—for my own sake as well as yours, because I shouldn't have a peaceful moment till it was paid back.'

Simon lighted his pipe and, without any immediate comment, considered what he had heard. Meantime Gerald spoke again.

'I'm due for a bit of good luck, to balance rather a frosty spell. It's curious how good follows bad in a sort of mathematical progression if you bet regularly. And given the good luck, you'd very quickly have the money back with my blessing, Dad.'

'Sounds very suent, as we say in the West Country,' answered Simon. 'You've got a nice voice and a glib tongue, Gerald. If you'd been a commercial traveller now, or an advertising tout, you'd be making big money with your natural gifts. But I've heard this sort of thing before.'

The young man did not answer. He sat quietly with his hard grey eyes fixed on his father. Every word he had uttered was a lie. He had charged himself with imaginary folly and pretended a debt that was non-existent, in fact. He never played cards and he was in debt to nobody ; but he wanted a little extra money, and having calculated that he

had not troubled his father for four years, guessed that he might now do so with reasonable hope of success. He had never failed before, but he had never asked for so much before. Another purpose besides the desire for cash had inspired Gerald's visit. Mr. Pye was a well-to-do man and in due course his son counted to inherit his money. He never forgot this and felt that, after so long an absence, it would be politic in any case to look his father up and learn the elder's state of health and general activities. He did not fear that Simon would marry again and knew that his wedded life had been unhappy ; but it occurred to him that the elder might be making friends and acquiring new interests.

Gerald spoke once more, since Mr. Pye now maintained a long silence and picked up the morning paper.

'Don't think I've only come to bleed you, Dad. It won't make any difference to me if you don't see your way. In fact I didn't expect you to—such a lot of money as that. I shan't think any the worse of you if you stick to your principles, sir—on my honour I shan't. But it was high time that I paid my respects and saw your new home, and I congratulate you upon it. A beautiful little house that seems to breathe dignity and peace. Have you made any congenial acquaintance round about ? But I know you were never much one for society.'

'I have made some friends among the farmers and the folk,' answered Simon. 'I find them courteous and glad to see me, as far as I can judge. A few gentlefolk live in the big houses and I meet them occasionally in connection with village interests—on committees and so on ; but of course not socially.'

'I'll bet you're as good as any of them and better than most,' said Gerald.

'That I couldn't tell you,' answered his father. 'I know nothing about them except that they seem very worthy men and employ labour. We have none out of work in these parts, save a few wasters who object to work.'

He took up the newspaper and ran through it quickly.

'I'm going to-day to a very fine spot known as Raddon Top. It is a considerable hill crowned with a little colony of fir trees in which the wind makes a melodious sound. From this height you can get a wonderful view all round you—a free horizon; and I like to take my sandwiches and my bottle of ale to this place from time to time in fine weather. To-day I hope you will join me. It is five miles.'

'Delighted to, Dad. I love a walk. But ten miles is a good day's work for you.'

'Occasionally,' said Simon, 'I go fifteen miles and am none the worse. Now amuse yourself. We start at noon.'

He returned to his paper and Gerald, who was exceedingly quick of understanding, felt very little doubt that his plea would be successful. He hoped to get the money without any conditions. But Simon spoke again as his son rose to leave the room.

'You praised my good sense last night. Then you can pay me a week's visit at the shortest and hear a bit more of it. I'll bring you acquainted with one or two here who are made of sense and made of truth. They'll be an eye-opener for you if you'll heed them. As for the money, I'll turn it over, and it will take me more than twenty-four hours to do so. Don't mention it again till I do myself, please.'

'Trust me for that,' promised Gerald. 'And it's more than good of you, Dad, even to think of it.'

He knew the battle won and his thoughts regretted one supreme fact after he had left his father.

'I might have stung him for another hundred while I was about it,' mused Gerald.

VI.

FOUNDATIONS LAID.

Mr. Pye's son planned his days with customary calculation and foresight. He fitted into the picture of his father's colourless life, showed cheerful interest in its details and occupied himself with a growing amusement in Linda Challice. He concealed this operation very easily from Mr. Pye and proceeded subtly to learn what he might of the girl herself. Her status Simon mentioned incidentally and told Gerald that her family were his friends and that her father worked for him in connection with his orchard. To win these independent persons and thus justify himself in approaching Linda was the young man's first task, for he guessed that it would please his father if he were friendly with Richard Challice and create a natural introduction to the girl herself. That done, he would quickly learn whether pursuit would prove worth the trouble.

He did not weary his father by too close attention, but absented himself sometimes so that Simon might follow his methodical habits. Gerald paid an occasional evening visit to the 'Cat and Fiddle,' where his red waistcoat entertained the company; but they soon took him seriously and came to be impressed by his generosity in the matter both of physical and mental refreshment. He was at home in a bar, and since every countryman loves the lore of horses and of sport, his varied information and wide experience of the race-course won him respect. He afforded rich entertainment for the younger men and incidentally made the acquaintance of Leonard and Samson Challice, who soon

tended to make him a hero and envied his quality. He waited on his father when desired to do so and preserved the utmost cheerfulness and good nature wherever he might find himself; but his growing preoccupation was soon Linda and from the first he felt her unconscious provocation. She was the vigorous type, abounding in health and life, that most attracted him. He approached with infinite caution, strove to create the necessary interest and watched her reaction step by step. He summed her up accurately enough, guessed that she had yet to know passion and, in their chance conversations, sounded her to learn the nature of her interests and the bent of her mind. A general impression once gathered, it remained to be seen whether any response to himself was forthcoming, and he knew that if that happened she would be at pains to conceal it; but he also knew the least dawn of such an emotion must be evident to him. Gerald was well aware of his own forceful effect on virgin minds, and he guessed from the first that it might be in his power to make Linda love him.

He cultivated Richard Challice and would stroll out before breakfast and have speech with him. For the wheelwright's work began long before the labours of his smithy called him and he often laboured for an hour or two in the long summer mornings before his breakfast. Sometimes he found work around Mr. Pye's apple trees and sometimes toiled away at the business of clearing his own land and opening it up.

Richard had taken the visitor at his face value and found him genial and pleasant, with an abundant good humour that his father lacked. But he delighted to praise Simon to his son and declare the privilege he found it to know him, work for him and enjoy his friendship.

'He gave me this fine spot of land, sir—just a gift for no call whatsoever but the natural kindness of his heart.'

So Challice told Gerald and the younger laughed. 'Just like him, my dear man,' he answered. 'The Dad would give his head away if it could come off.'

A general opinion of Gerald proved much in his favour and the amiable criticism circulated as he hoped that it would. Linda, visiting her home on her evenings out, heard Leonard and his brother loud in praise of Mr. Pye's son. They were no little interested to hear whether he ever spoke to her, and how he got on with his parent, and why he had come at all. For it seemed to them that, from Gerald's point of view, existence at Merton Magna must be but a dreary hiatus in the grand and sportsmanlike life he appeared to enjoy.

Gerald was doomed to hear his father on the subject of women and declared great personal ignorance concerning them.

'Nothing stands still,' said Simon, 'and nothing has changed more than the relations between the sexes. When I was young, women received no education to name, but they got more respect and consideration from the better sort of men than they do to-day. Now that they are in the market of industry, challenge men on their own ground and prove to be their equals in black-coated work, they don't command the old chivalrous respect. They are not put on pedestals same as they were and they don't want to be. They've come down and go their own way and don't feel a husband and children to be the fine goal their grandmothers thought. They find their brain power equal to reaching better goals and know a man isn't the high-water mark of a successful life. They understand a great deal more about men than they did. Education's done that for 'em, though there'll always be plenty no doubt to put a man first.'

Gerald declared a respect for the sex that he was very far from feeling.

'I've never fallen in love yet,' he said, 'but I might think of marriage. I'm not one to sneer at the women and I know a good few married men that owe a lot of their success to clever partners.'

Simon allowed several days to pass before returning to the gift and Gerald was well content that he should. He pursued his business by post and devoted his wits to Linda. She concealed her interest carefully enough for some time, and then, little by little, he began to know that he had awakened it. He held off awhile after that before entering upon the second stage of the siege; but he advanced his purpose implicitly outside the radius of the girl herself and created friendship with her people. For, when the time came, he desired to have them on his side. He looked far ahead, made friends at the 'Cat and Fiddle,' gave Leonard Challice a racing tip and made two sovereigns for him.

Then came an afternoon when Simon went to drink tea at Church Cottage and his son accompanied him. It was an opportunity that Gerald desired and he took advantage of it, bringing his charms to bear on Ivy Challice and excelling in apt speeches concerning her husband and her sons. He made one mistake in tactics, however, though he never found it out.

Gerald always carried a pair of gloves, and when he had shaken hands with Granny Challice, her sharp eyes noted them. She turned to Simon.

'Your young man puts me in mind of old days, Mr. Pye,' she said. 'You was asking about the dead trades I could call home, but I forgot gloves. That was to Chumleigh half a century and more ago. The glove-makers would send down the leathers all ready and cut, and the Chumleigh women sewed 'em with perfect and famous stitchery. Very renowned for it they were; but they've all gone

now since every hand's turn has got to be done by machines.'

Mr. Pye noted these facts ; but he made little conversation during tea, leaving his son to do so. Gerald chattered cheerfully to Ivy Challice and extolled her boys.

'Tell me they'd like to "go foreign,"' he said, 'and just the stuff to make fine pioneers, Mrs. Challice.'

'That's what I say, sir,' she answered. 'The dream of their lives ; and I'd rise up and go with them to-morrow ; but my husband's all for home. He don't think Len and Sam would make good.'

'Of course they would, given the chance,' declared Gerald. 'They're just the clever sort to make their way.'

Leonard was present, though his father and brother had not yet returned from work.

'I ain't the man my father is and I very well know it,' he confessed, as he often did.

'You ain't ; but there's no call to bleat about it in company, Len,' snapped his grandmother.

'I was going to say I'm different,' explained the lad. 'It takes all sorts to make a world, and I've got a feeling I'd do so well as another and help to make some part of the empire. But Father says 'tis only the gipsy in me.'

'Jolly fine people the gipsies, Len,' declared Gerald. 'I meet 'em on the race-courses. They're not afraid of work, eh, Granny ?'

He addressed Verity, who, much resenting this familiar appeal, looked at him, but did not answer.

Leonard continued to explain that he was undervalued by his father. He sometimes felt the craving for sympathy that forgets shame, and he had found Gerald in sympathy with him before.

'I'd say my father rates me and Sam too low,' he ventured.

'He said yesterday that I'd never make up into a game-keeper—too soft and too idle. He said a spit-dog worked harder than what I do.'

Mr. Pye endeavoured to change the embarrassing subject of Leonard's weakness.

'A spit-dog? What is, or was, a spit-dog, Mrs. Challice?' he asked.

He addressed Verity, who had finished her tea and lighted her pipe.

'I've known 'em and seen 'em to their work,' she said. 'You'll not find 'em now and I doubt the breed's gone. But my father's father, Noah Tarleton, he had a valiant spit-dog and she'd stand to work in her little dog-wheel, stumping round and round till the joint was cooked. A short-legged, little black bitch she was, and the joy of old Noah's heart. She travelled with the camp, and when she wasn't to work would often go hunting and fetch in a rabbit.'

'A lesson to idle people,' said Gerald. 'If Len works as hard as that, he's all right.'

'He don't work as hard as that, and his father knows it,' retorted Verity. 'He'll bring in a game bird sometimes that he didn't ought—I grant so much.'

Then she relapsed into silence and Gerald ignored her. She was studying him carefully, none the less, as he presently praised her son.

'Dick's a lesson, Mrs. Challice,' he said to Ivy. 'A grand man—the old yeoman type that you read about; but I never saw such another. Rooted in the land and wise to everything about it. I hope he may get his kiln going; but as yet he tells me there's no great promise. To hear him talk you'd say there was a gold mine hidden there.'

'He's a very hopeful fashion of man, sir. His geese are always swans till he finds different.'

'Dauntless pluck, I call it. And I'll bet you're as plucky yourself, even if you've got to put him on the curb sometimes.'

'We don't see alike always,' admitted Ivy. 'To live with undying hope is trying now and again, when you don't share the hope.'

Simon expected that Dick's mother would intervene ; but Verity made no comment on these opinions. In a pause, however, after Gerald had praised the tea and asked for another cup, the old woman addressed Mr. Pye.

'You was asking about the art of snuffing candles when you see that old pair of silver snuffers on the mantelshelf,' she said. 'I forgot it last time you was here, but minded a thought about 'em after. I knew a serving maid at the house where Linda worked before she came to you. It's years and years ago, granted, but she'd tell how, when she was a young girl, she had to visit the parlour three times of a winter evening before bedtime to snuff the candles. 'Twas part of her duties so to do. Her mother, or else her grandmother it might have been, was one of they pedlar women common in them days. She would carry brandy hid under her shawl. A cunning old piece and done very clever by it. She was suspected ; but none of her friends and customers ever told against her, so she was safe, because in her time the law wouldn't allow for her person to be touched by no officer, so they couldn't dare to search her.'

Simon's note-book appeared.

'Good !' he said. 'I must set that down, my dear woman.'

Richard Challice and Samson arrived before the visitors had left and delayed them awhile. Gerald in his opening moves with Ethelinda had discovered that the girl's first devotion belonged to her father, and at this stage of progress

he still sought to ingratiate himself with Dick. There was no difficulty as to that, for the wheelwright always offered friendship for friendship and already entertained some admiration for the young man. As yet no shadow clouded this regard. Gerald on his side praised her father to Linda very heartily, finding that she would always delay and listen to him when he did so. From Richard to herself was an easy step, and he had now, in the course of five days, established friendly relations with her and begun to learn something of her character. It was frank and direct. She trusted her fellow-creatures and as yet had found no reason to do otherwise. Her life had been devoted to work and such pleasures as came her way were simple and primitive. He found that she was not vain of her exceptional beauty, and when he attained a degree of intimacy to hint at it and become personal, she laughed at him.

Gerald knew that he could not get far until his own growing attraction found some echo in the girl, and he also knew that she must react, if ever she did, on a very much higher plane than any he ever attempted to reach. Her quality was clearly apparent and he perceived from the first that, if he could make her love him, he would need to pretend to a distinction of mind and affect conduct quite alien to the truth. But simulation before the ingenuous Linda presented no problems and, as he began to know intuitively that she found him occupying her thoughts, he pushed forward. They enjoyed many opportunities for meeting and a time came when Gerald began to make opportunities and Linda prepared to grant them.

He was practised in this sort of enterprise and knew with tolerable accuracy how she presently regarded him. In truth, he came as a revelation to Linda, representing possibilities in the male entirely outside her experience or imagina-

tion. Such men as she had known were of her own class and differed only in their appearance and character. Some were better company than others, but all were much of a muchness and none at best had ever done anything more than amuse her and help to pass leisure time. In Gerald Pye she found not only something utterly new, but something fashioned of another clay. Compared with her acquaintance he was rare china to everyday cloam. His father she had never regarded as much different from her experience of other men. He was homely and commonplace ; but the son belonged to another order of beings, just as he belonged to another world. To know him, so Linda told herself, was to know what she understood by a gentleman. All the fine instincts and delicate understandings of the gentle appeared in him. He was considerate, cheerful, courteous. He never said a coarse word, always showed utmost consideration, declared his thanks for the least attention.

For a time she merely admired such a finished product. His manners and bearing, she felt, exactly corresponded with his rare good looks and handsome exterior. Of taste she knew nothing and felt no jar at his obvious lack. Even his clothes seemed very fine to her and she admired the immense care he took of his body and the various appliances and bottled unguents of his toilet. It was seemly, thought Linda, that any man so perfect should devote attention to preserving his perfection. His manners also delighted her. He came to his father's simple table as to a banquet, ate with a moderation and perfection of detail which she began secretly to copy, behaved with an innate refinement that made his father's more unstudied table manners appear quite rough. As for Gerald's physical appearance, Linda considered him most beautiful. He was far the handsomest man she had ever seen in any class of society ; but beyond these general

impressions of him and the lively interest he had created in her uneventful existence, her thoughts did not extend. When at home she would talk about him without a shade of self-consciousness, declare her admiration and reveal details of Gerald's conversation and habits. But she had no secret reserves, no challenges and no questionings as yet. And he, knowing the state of her mind, was now about to awaken other agitations for Linda. That done, Gerald would swiftly learn whether success or failure awaited him. He had cut a loss on one or two occasions, when the enterprise either threatened to fail or became too complicated ; but he yearned for Linda now with a great yearning, and the fact that old, familiar lies would need to be told before he could hope to secure her deterred him not at all. Imposition is an easy feat for the acute mind when dealing with lesser intellects, and the forthcoming problem, as Gerald saw it, was not to create trust and friendship. He looked beyond, and with horrible sagacity perceived that enemies must be necessary if he were to have his way.

He need not have feared the difficulty of making them. Minds existed already in Merton Magna, that, though less educated than his own, were quite as capable of acute thinking. One belonged to a man and one to a woman, and it was Linda herself who set the first in motion, while the second came from her own blood and operated from no stimulus except that awakened by Simon Pye's son himself.

In the case of John Caryl, the first significant and objective effect of knowing Gerald was evinced by Linda, and all unconsciously, without any subjective reason for so doing, she made of John an enemy for young Pye. It was a subtle business and would have elated Gerald not a little had he known it ; but it was natural—so natural that Linda did not

perceive its real significance. She came to feel intensely what she had already felt in a subconscious fashion concerning Caryl and, under the incitement of this new experience of a man, perceived how remote was John from any possible ideal of masculine companionship. Him therefore she had dismissed with kindly words and appreciation for his devotion.

'We won't walk no more, Johnny,' she had said to him after their last evening pilgrimage. 'You're quick in the uptake as I well know, and I've got to feel same as I'm sure you've got to feel, that we don't get no forwarder. You've unfolded your feelings, and everything ever you've told me makes me respect you more and care for you less. You mustn't take it hard, for I'll hold you a friend to your dying day, I'm sure. But, though you've never gone so far as to offer for me, my dear man, I've known of course that was in your mind. So we won't lose no more time walking out. You must look around, Johnny, and you'll mighty soon find one so good as me or better to get addicted to.'

And Caryl had taken it dumbly, reserving his comments for another ear ; but though a dull man, love quickened his understanding that night, and on a sleepless couch he arrived at correct conclusions which Linda herself had been much astonished to hear. She did not hear them ; but ere long her father did.

Mr. Pye and Gerald stayed but a short time at Church Cottage after Richard and his son returned to tea, and the young man's effect on the Challice family was hidden from him and his father until long afterwards. They took their leave, and since Simon was already established in the regard of all, their talk ran on Gerald.

Dick praised him for a remarkably attractive young fellow, and Ivy noted one fact.

'He had a word for all of us and praised me to my face,'

she said. 'It would have been a bit saucy in anybody else, but not from him. You couldn't but feel he'd got a nice mind. And he thinks the world of you, Dick, and sees what's in Len and Sam if ever they have a chance to bring it out. But the funny thing was, he never once mentioned Linda. You'd have thought she must have caught his eye; and if his father can speak so well of Linda, why didn't he give her a pat on the back?'

'Girls don't interest him,' said Samson. 'He's all for horse-racing and sport.'

'A wondrous pretty girl like Linda would interest any young man,' answered Ivy. 'Extra handsome fellows like him are always interested in beautiful women.'

'Perhaps he don't think she is beautiful,' suggested Leonard.

'Everybody knows she's beautiful—except herself,' declared Richard. 'But we can't tell a thing about young Pye, save that he's a very pleasant, good-hearted sort of chap. He may be tokened to some London maiden. He gets a lot of letters, so Linda told me.'

They debated the qualities of the visitor and all agreed in commending him, while Richard wondered why he had come and how long he was likely to remain.

'A dead-and-alive life you'd say for such a dashing young man as him,' admitted Ivy; 'but I hope he'll call in again. He's something new to the likes of us.'

Verity had made no remark of any sort during this conversation and Dick took note of it.

'You're very silent, Mother. We know what you think of Mr. Pye. What do you think of Master Gerald?' he asked.

Before she could answer, Ivy spoke. She knew very well what the elder's silence denoted.

perceive its real significance. She came to feel intensely what she had already felt in a subconscious fashion concerning Caryl and, under the incitement of this new experience of a man, perceived how remote was John from any possible ideal of masculine companionship. Him therefore she had dismissed with kindly words and appreciation for his devotion.

'We won't walk no more, Johnny,' she had said to him after their last evening pilgrimage. 'You're quick in the uptake as I well know, and I've got to feel same as I'm sure you've got to feel, that we don't get no forwarder. You've unfolded your feelings, and everything ever you've told me makes me respect you more and care for you less. You mustn't take it hard, for I'll hold you a friend to your dying day, I'm sure. But, though you've never gone so far as to offer for me, my dear man, I've known of course that was in your mind. So we won't lose no more time walking out. You must look around, Johnny, and you'll mighty soon find one so good as me or better to get addicted to.'

And Caryl had taken it dumbly, reserving his comments for another ear ; but though a dull man, love quickened his understanding that night, and on a sleepless couch he arrived at correct conclusions which Linda herself had been much astonished to hear. She did not hear them ; but ere long her father did.

Mr. Pye and Gerald stayed but a short time at Church Cottage after Richard and his son returned to tea, and the young man's effect on the Challice family was hidden from him and his father until long afterwards. They took their leave, and since Simon was already established in the regard of all, their talk ran on Gerald.

Dick praised him for a remarkably attractive young fellow, and Ivy noted one fact.

'He had a word for all of us and praised me to my face,'

she said. 'It would have been a bit saucy in anybody else, but not from him. You couldn't but feel he'd got a nice mind. And he thinks the world of you, Dick, and sees what's in Len and Sam if ever they have a chance to bring it out. But the funny thing was, he never once mentioned Linda. You'd have thought she must have caught his eye; and if his father can speak so well of Linda, why didn't he give her a pat on the back?'

'Girls don't interest him,' said Samson. 'He's all for horse-racing and sport.'

'A wondrous pretty girl like Linda would interest any young man,' answered Ivy. 'Extra handsome fellows like him are always interested in beautiful women.'

'Perhaps he don't think she is beautiful,' suggested Leonard.

'Everybody knows she's beautiful—except herself,' declared Richard. 'But we can't tell a thing about young Pye, save that he's a very pleasant, good-hearted sort of chap. He may be tokened to some London maiden. He gets a lot of letters, so Linda told me.'

They debated the qualities of the visitor and all agreed in commending him, while Richard wondered why he had come and how long he was likely to remain.

'A dead-and-alive life you'd say for such a dashing young man as him,' admitted Ivy; 'but I hope he'll call in again. He's something new to the likes of us.'

Verity had made no remark of any sort during this conversation and Dick took note of it.

'You're very silent, Mother. We know what you think of Mr. Pye. What do you think of Master Gerald?' he asked.

Before she could answer, Ivy spoke. She knew very well what the elder's silence denoted.

'He didn't make enough of Granny, so she won't like him I'm afraid, Dick.'

The grandmother took her pipe out of her mouth.

'He's got the red lips of a liar, and the shifty eyes of a liar ; and he is a liar,' she said.

Then she spat in the fire.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD HOUSE.

*Far winks the road of midnight,
Full stares the moon above,
Still stands the house, and empty
Of long-dead folk and love.*

*Within, the moonlight patterns
In snow the dusky glooms
Of naked hall and stairway
And long-deserted rooms.*

*And there through shine and shadow
For ever to and fro
A little lad runs weeping,
And wrings his hands for woe.*

JOHN COGHLAN.

THE TRAGEDY AT CLAREMONT.

Letters from Prince Leopold (uncle to Queen Victoria) to his sister, the Gräfin Mensdorff-Pouilly, now in the possession of her grandson, Count Obersdorf.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY OSBERT LANCASTER.

Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is not unknown to English readers in the rôle of correspondent, but the letters which are most familiar are those written at a time when he had long been seated on the Belgian throne, and had already assumed for himself the title of the Nestor of Europe. Those serious, admonitory epistles to his niece were only a part of his prodigious correspondence; in half a dozen European courts the sound of the post horn was the warning that another bulky packet of advice was on its way from Brussels. The letters, however, which are now printed here for the first time belong to quite another category, and although now and again one notices in certain passages signs which indicate the way in which the writer's character was subsequently to develop, they do reveal in a most striking fashion that behind that imposing façade of political sagacity which the King of the Belgians presents to posterity, there existed, or at least had once existed, a sensitive, affectionate and very human man.

In 1814 London, in company with half the capitals of Europe, was given over to enthusiastic, although slightly previous, peace celebrations. In May there arrived a glittering assortment of European royalties of whom the most important was Tsar Alexander and one of the most insignificant Prince Leopold. The latter, having been driven from his brother's principality by the French, had entered the service of the former, in whose victorious armies he had served with courage and distinction, but without, alas, any great profit to himself. However, although his income

amounted to no more than two hundred a year, he arrived in London fully determined to affect some improvement in his position, and forthwith installed himself over a greengrocer's shop in Marylebone Lane; a humble lodging, but both cheap and conveniently close to the Russian Embassy in Harley Street.

At the time of this, Leopold's first visit to England, the country's destinies were directed by George, Prince of Wales, acting as Regent for his aged and imbecile father. The animosity with which this prince regarded his wife was notorious, and, at a moment when he was called upon to entertain his fellow sovereigns, highly inconvenient. His relations with his only child the Princess Charlotte were scarcely less embittered. From among the visiting princes he had selected one whom he considered would make a suitable husband for this high-spirited princess, the Prince of Orange. Charlotte herself regarded her proposed husband with the utmost dislike; partly because he was, as was generally admitted, quite exceptionally plain and partly, no doubt, simply because he had been suggested by her father. Leopold, on the other hand, was very handsome and extremely intelligent. (There had always existed some doubt of the Prince of Orange's mental powers.) Exactly when and where the first meeting of these two young people took place we do not know, but it seems probable that it was arranged by the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, a sister of the Tsar, an indefatigable intriguer who for reasons of her own disliked the idea of the Dutch match.

While the Regent was still furious over the final breaking of Charlotte's first engagement, Leopold was far too cautious to put himself forward; moreover, he was soon called away to Vienna to look after the Coburg interests at the Congress. However, he had gained an ally in the Royal Family in the person of his future brother-in-law, the Duke of Kent, who watched over his interests while he was away. Gradually the Regent himself became reconciled to the idea of this match; Charlotte had been giving

him a great deal of trouble and although his drastic measures of control were fairly effective they still further diminished his almost non-existent popularity. Although he found himself unable to care extravagantly for Leopold, of whose character he had formed a shrewd though rather unfavourable estimate (he always referred to him as *Le Marquis Peu-a-peu*) the prospect of getting his daughter off his hands finally outweighed all other considerations and at the end of 1815 he sent for Leopold from Berlin. The Prince arrived on the 21st of February, protected from the cold by a long-skirted coat, a muff and a sable boa. His subsequent travels are described in a letter sent home by one of his suite.

BRIGHTON, 26th Feb., 1816.

We left Dover at 8 o'clock in two four-horse carriages, driving through arches of laurel and a curious crowd of both sexes who loudly cheered your prince. . . . Among them were several very beautiful girls, of whom, I am happy to say, there was no lack on the whole of this long journey. These lovely complexions and rounded figures do not fail in their effect !

We drove 43 miles to Rochester where we spent the night, having accomplished this stage in five hours ; the town is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Medway, across which there is a bridge connecting the town with the castle. We resumed our journey on the 21st at 8 sharp and arrived in London at 11 in the morning, where we alighted at Lord Castlereagh's, who was himself still resting after his parliamentary labours which had forced him, in order to prove the opposition wrong, to remain up till four in the morning. His secretary took us to Clarendon House in New Bond Street where accommodation had been secured for the Prince. Lord Castlereagh came there at one o'clock to pay his respects to the Prince and to ask him

to dinner where we found ourselves at 7 o'clock. My Lord Liverpool, first Lord of the Treasury, was also there and after dinner the Prince conferred for a long time with the Foreign Minister ; he was very pleased with this exchange of views. His arrival was reported to the Prince Regent whom an attack of gout had forced to return to Brighton. Here is the actual notice of our arrival in the official Gazette :

' Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the destined husband of Princess Charlotte, is arrived ; he landed at Dover on Monday night and arrived in London yesterday morning. He is at Mr. Clarendon's Hotel. He is tall and well made with a very agreeable countenance. The Populace at Dover saluted him with three hearty cheers on his departure from the ship. He dined yesterday with Lord Castlereagh. His Lordship had an interview with the Prince in the morning and dispatched a messenger with the result to the Prince Regent at Brighton.'

On Thursday, 22nd, the Prince dined again with Lord Castlereagh and various other ministers ; on Friday, 23rd, he accompanied him to Brighton for his presentation to the Prince Regent. The day was fine and the landscape exquisite and we covered the distance, which was 32 miles (*sic*) in five and a half hours, traversing the whole length of the provinces of Surrey and Sussex. Brighton is a beautiful town on the coast, quite new and much frequented by fashionable society for the sake of the sea-bathing. We were quartered in the Pavilion, as the Regent's residence is called ; it is decorated and furnished in the Chinese taste, and is illuminated by more than three thousand lamps of opalescent glass, which indeed give a really magnificent effect but also produce an almost unbearable heat ; the gallery is of a quite unusual beauty. At 5 the Prince had his audience with the Regent, and was very content with the result of this first interview.

I was presented to the Duke of Clarence, the Regent's brother, one of the oldest admirals in the kingdom. . . . At 6 o'clock we went in to dinner which lasted until half past nine, which was something of a trial for the Prince as his head is not yet quite healed, however if one does not wish to starve one must accustom oneself to these long sittings which are the rule over here. After dinner the Turkish band opened their concert with the Coburg march ; they are very richly and tastefully dressed and play every day. The Lord Chamberlain's very beautiful daughter, Lady Charlotte Chaldamley (*sic*) in the intervals displayed her skill on the pianoforte, which is really first class. Then Whist and Vingt-et-un were played alternately until 1 o'clock.

On Sunday the 24th the Regent decorated Prince Leopold with the Guelph Order, and Lord Castlereagh in the name of His Royal Highness made known to him the clauses of the marriage contract. It is the same as that drawn up for the Prince of Orange, in so far as I am acquainted with the clauses. The Prince will have an income of £50,000 a year of which £10,000 is for the personal use of the Princess Charlotte ; the rest is entirely at his own disposal. . . . In the event of the Princess pre-deceasing him, the Prince will have £40,000 a year for life. If the Prince dies before the Princess, which Heaven forbid, the Princess will have the whole sum of £50,000 a year.

As the Prince, on account of etiquette, cannot remain in London during the period preceding the wedding, which may be three weeks, he is thinking of spending this time at Weymouth partly for the sake of the sea-bathing, and partly in order to avoid the inquisitive, for you will realise, my dear Count, that our dear Prince, to whom I grow daily more devoted, is the focus of interest for the whole of England.

In this connection it is impossible for his attitude to be more correct than it is.

Their Majesties the Queen and the Princess Charlotte are just this moment arrived and will remain in London until Friday so the first meeting will take place to-night. As my letter must go off to-day I can write no more of this.

The wedding took place on the evening of May 2nd in Carlton House, to which Mr. Nash's Gothic Conservatory doubtless lent a suitably ecclesiastical air, in the presence of a large and distinguished company. Not the least interesting feature of the ceremony was the presence of the Duc d'Orleans, then enjoying one of his periodical and enforced absences from his native land. Nearly twenty years later, as King of the French, he was to occupy, with, one cannot help thinking, rather less distinction, the proud position of the Prince Regent, as Leopold's father-in-law to be, at a similar ceremony in the more bourgeois surroundings of the Tuileries. That night Charlotte and Leopold drove down to Oatlands, the residence of the Duke of York, alone, having defeated the Queen's amiable little plan for sending a lady in waiting with them in order to see that nothing improper occurred in the carriage. Leopold's niece was not, perhaps, after all, the first of the Victorians.

After the honeymoon the Royal pair take up their residence at Claremont and it is from there that Leopold conducts his correspondence with his favourite sister, the Countess Mensdorff-Pouilly.

Meine liebe alte !

It was fortunately impossible for me to answer you by the last post. I will now reply to all the questions in your letter one by one. First let me tell you that the weather here has been exactly the opposite to your unheard-of rain, very fine and dry since February, and the last few days quite

exceptionally so. . . . My little white mouse's health, God protect her, also improves and whatever time and advice may finally achieve, we are prepared to rejoice that she is already so much better. As to our coming on the continent, we are indeed most eager to do so, but it will entirely depend on time and circumstances, and whether or not we shall manage it, one cannot yet say. . . .

Now for a point in your letter which has rather riled me, namely *Thümmel*. I will now explain to you briefly how this has come about: he wrote a very cavalier letter to Hardenbruck from Paris saying that he was coming to London and in *his* opinion we should without doubt *put him up*. You know yourself that *Thümmel* was never particularly well known to me. He lived for a couple of years in Coburg, but I know no more of him apart from the fact that I then once or twice exchanged a few words with him, but he was certainly never a protégé of mine; then I saw him once in Paris and that was all. You may gather that I was a little surprised, then, at this manner of announcing himself. We have not got a very large house in London and moreover were it larger I would still not have anyone to stay who was unknown to Charlotte. At Claremont we are customarily four or five at table and my wife, particularly when she is not well, makes no attempt at a morning toilet. . . . Think what a bore an *entirely unknown* man would be for her! The effrontery of this young fellow really rather amuses me for there is something genial about it! Hardenbruck who is already slightly acquainted with Ernst (*Leopold's brother, the Duke of Saxe Coburg*) intends to write to him, lest it should not otherwise occur to him that if he, Hardenbruck, takes it into his head to go to Coburg, he intends taking up his abode in the Palace, so much more unusual is Herr von *Thümmel's* idea of quartering himself on

us ! when he is quite unknown, even by sight, to Charlotte ! After Hardenbruck had written to him saying that our house was too small to accommodate him, we heard nothing of Thümmel for some time after his arrival over here, which was no great sorrow to me. As soon as he had presented himself, I invited him one day when we had foreigners present, among whom the most important was our minister here with whom I had business. As soon as I had spoken to this gentleman I spoke in a very friendly manner to Thümmel and presented him to Charlotte. Since then he has been invited to us every week, that is when we have been receiving, for we have no desire to see him en famille. So he has no right to complain. If his journey and residence here have proved expensive I am very sorry, but I did not ask him to come and I explained to him before I set out for England that I could on no account take him with me. Here he has nothing in the world to do, and as he does not depart it will presumably end in a request for an advance in order to pay his debts. I have written to Ernst saying that I am really in the highest degree mortified that he (Thümmel) should have made himself, by his dancing and general behaviour, so constantly ridiculous in London first, because he has a great deal of good in him and it is therefore a pity, that he should waste his time in Society, and second because he is an acknowledged Hofkavalier of Coburg. He causes the most inconceivable offence with a light-heartedness that quite amazes one. Ernst can explain this to you. In any other country he would be tolerated, but people here are not so long-suffering. His visiting-cards have already made him famous ; he distributes, unfortunately, old-fashioned cards of enormous size with Cupids in relief, and dating from four years ago ; in the middle of which is inscribed *Le Baron Mauritz de Thümmel, Ecuyer des voyages*

de S.A.S. le duc de Saxe-Cobourg, etc. These cards with the name printed alongside the title are so unusual that they cause the greatest astonishment long before people have seen his light-green coat, his embroidered Turkish waistcoat and his apricot-coloured breeches. Enough of this Baron von Thümmel ! He has filled four sides and that is as much as he can reasonably expect from me. Yesterday morning I took great pleasure in warning him of the malice of people over here, but it was very hard to convince him.

You will by this time have received, after some difficulty, a baby's bonnet made by Charlotte's own fair hands, the like of which our fingers could never have achieved, and which you will be able with your own little puds, to render suitable for a boy, a girl or a hermaphrodite, whichever it may be ! With regard to the Wuchtel (*Victoria, Princess of Leiningen, Leopold's sister and future Duchess of Kent and mother of Queen Victoria*), I am very pleased with her ; everything she said to me in her last letter was most reasonable. I fear, however, that no marriage will take place this year, and for my part I am not much in favour of temporising, but in an affair of this sort a move at the wrong time would ruin everything. Poor Vicky is very afraid that she will be somewhat ridiculed over here, but the poor little thing will have some difficulty in avoiding this sort of annoyance, for here everyone is caricatured and even the most popular figures, about whom neither party has anything to say are forced to submit. Of us, notwithstanding our very retired existence, there exist at least thirty different cartoons ; it is unpleasant, but one gets used to it, and it now leaves me quite indifferent.

However the impertunity of Baron von Thümmel and the pictorial ingenuities of Rowlandson and Gillray were not the only

trials that Leopold was called upon to endure. No sooner was he safely married to Charlotte than he found himself straightway involved in the family squabbles of his in-laws. Never perhaps has the Royal Family consisted of so many mutually antagonistic individuals, with the capacity for carrying on private feuds with the greatest enthusiasm and persistence so exceptionally well developed. Unluckily they were all quite incapable of tempering their animosity with discretion and so the Hanoverian dirty linen was invariably washed with the maximum publicity. Of the various quarrels the most important was naturally that between the Regent and his wife, but with it were bound up numerous other minor feuds. Thus the Dukes of Sussex and Kent were convinced Whigs and were therefore naturally opposed to their brother, whose dislike the former of them considerably increased by his support of Caroline. The latter had an additional private quarrel of his own with the Duke of York over some rather shady military transactions which though at this time of considerable antiquity had never been properly healed. The Duke of Cumberland, an extreme Tory, had at one time or other, bitterly offended all his family save the Regent, and was now in the middle of a furious quarrel with his mother, Queen Charlotte, who for some inexplicable reason refused to receive his wife. Moreover, this prince entertained a peculiarly intense dislike of the Coburgs. The Duke of Clarence hated the Duchess of York, and it was with the amiable idea of annoying this excellent woman that he had encouraged the Prince Regent to marry her bitter enemy Caroline of Brunswick, whom subsequently he had come to detest even more than his other sister-in-law. The Princess Charlotte herself had, from earliest childhood, been intimately involved in these never-ending disputes and inherited qualities from both her parents which rendered it quite impossible for her to avoid the dangers of furious partisanship. She cordially disliked her father, was affectionately tolerant but also slightly contemptuous of her

mother, and long periods spent in her grandmother's company had not increased her respect or liking for the Queen. In such a milieu Leopold had used of all his natural reserves of tact and diplomacy and it is not surprising that a slight atmosphere of strain is apparent even thus early in his married life.

Now for the personal question which you ask me, whether I have become cold and more serious. Serious and thoughtful I am very frequently, sometimes colder but not especially so. The reasons for this are very enlightening; my position politically is endlessly difficult, and in order to emerge unscathed and as far as possible unsullied, I am forced to watch every step. Here nothing is considered insignificant, and owing to a publicity which makes it quite impossible to keep any kind of secret one must carefully consider the slightest move before making it. You people on the continent can have no conception of English life where publicity is mixed up in everything and all is dominated by the party spirit. No noble or upper-class family can do anything which is of the remotest interest without its being known and straightway published in the newspapers with comments favourable or otherwise. Consider how much worse is the position of people situated as we are who excite the interest of the whole nation? I am in the middle of all these people and, what was hardest of all at first, of a family whose members hate one another with an inconceivable bitterness. In trying to reconcile so many different points of view and interests and at the same time to do what is right and escape scandal—'il y a de quoi être un peu pensif' I can assure you! Then the world insists that I should produce harmony and I am actually exclusively interested in my beloved wife. I am reserved through dislike of being called indiscreet, for nothing is more detrimental to

these great affairs and their principals than indiscretion, and here everyone is quoted, and I do not wish my words to be repeated everywhere, for it causes much misunderstanding and as I have several cousins and uncles who are notorious in this respect, it makes me all the more careful. I could write you pages and pages on this subject which would give you great pleasure to read, but I have not the time for it—moreover my wife is grumbling and cannot understand how I can write so long a letter.

I have not much more news to give you. My beloved mouse, God keep her, is in tolerable health and will, I hope continue to improve. The weather is very fine. We have seen few strangers for some time ; at the end of the week there arrives a packetful. Everything was arranged that we should have a very beautiful and expensive house in London, that which belonged to the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, but difficulties have again arisen, caused more than likely, by certain Exalted Persons who do not wish us to have it although they have no use for it themselves. A thousand good wishes to the honest Menzel (*his brother-in-law, Count Mensdorff-Pouilly*) with whom, as I sincerely hope, things will soon go all right again. Many good wishes from my little wife who is sprawling rather than sitting on a sofa close by me, and who is now making a rude face—do you believe that ? Should she not rather make a loving one for her beloved sposo ?

Adieu, ever your faithful

BROTHER LEOPOLD.

CLAREMONT, 19th March 1817.

However, these family trials and tribulations did not interfere too drastically with the amenities of life at Claremont, and Leopold found time to direct his attention to the problems of agriculture.

His attitude is characteristically business-like, and one imagines that the home farm at Claremont had little in common with the elegant cow-sheds at the Trianon. With Leopold all things, even his hobbies, were conducted on strict business lines.

Meine ganz gute alte !

It is uncommonly gracious of me to be writing to you again, but this letter will, I trust, shorten all the following conjectures for I suppose, and not without cause, that you are now too busy to be able to read my letters, and therefore I will muzzle myself and curb my rhetorical and literary enthusiasm. I am at the moment as uncommonly melancholy over my hay and the possibility of rain, as I and Menzel were over the last shoot at Rosenau when the Serene Highness so arranged it that we had nothing to shoot, for here it rained on St. Swythyn's day and will therefore continue to do so for forty days : if it actually does rain as long as that then all my hay will be ruined. And it is the best hay that ever was seen, so sweet that I am convinced you could feed on it. The farmer, in accordance with his Bœotian views, did not wish to cut it during the fine weather, and when at last he began to do so it started to rain, and it continues to rain and naturally it rains on my hay, as so sharp-witted a little Princess Know-all as my beloved sister will readily understand. But joking apart it is a great shame for if we rake it, it is worth after deducting all expenses at least £600 sterling which it is not exactly pleasant to be forced to pay out.

From the subject of hay I return to my liebe alte. You wished to have a night-cap of my wife's workmanship for the little arrival next August. With such matters we cannot concern ourselves, so buy yourself in Paris a good collection of caps and stockings, etc. I propose, my dear, to place a

small sum at your disposal with which you can purchase a certain amount of the necessary garments yourself, although I am a trifle anxious lest you should go and drink it away 'in the three drams, Rum, Brandy and Holland' as is described in a story in a certain book of yours ! I have credited the sum of thirty pounds to your account with Herr N. M. Rothschild.

The Coburgs had, apparently, a vast fund of family jokes of which the rather ponderous example above is one. The book referred to is a romance written by the Countess Mensdorff.

The health of my beloved wife, God keep her, is very good and I only trust that it may continue to be so. Thank God, we have had no one here this week. Next week we have, God save us, a dinner-party for the Regent, which a merciful heaven would never allow to take place. The Queen asked us to a fête-champêtre to-day at Frogmore near Windsor, but regretted that she would not be able to put us up for the night. As it is sixteen miles there and back we *thanked* her ! . . .

Chiaromonte is looking very fine and we enjoyed ourselves very much wandering about there. On Saturday and Sunday we have quite a few people coming ; they are, the Dowager Lady Warrick (*sic*) and her four daughters, excuse du peu, Sir Chlg Greville, Lady Ashbrooke, Capt. Scott, a distinguished naval officer, Lady Hawarden, and my dear old friend Dr. Flemming, a famous botanist, who was for forty years in India. On Sunday the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Esterhazy, the Marquis and Lady Abercorn, the Archbishop of York, Earl Westmoreland, Lady Privy Seal, Earl and Countess Bathurst, and Mons de Pfeffel, the Bavarian Minister. Now I must hastily close. Charlotte sends many good wishes, and I beg you to remember me to the family

for whom I ask God's blessing. All my love to my dear Menzel.

Your faithful brother LEOPOLD.

CLAREMONT, 17 July, 1817.

Leopold's next letter is largely concerned with his own family's affairs; his elder brother is about to be married, and so completely do Leopold's sentiments overcome him on this happy occasion that his metaphors become finely mixed. It is sad to have to point out that the rosy prospects which this marriage suggested to the writer were never realised, for despite the fact that it was blest by the arrival of the future Prince Consort the union was far from successful. However, for the moment all was well and under the influence of these happy family rejoicings Leopold indulges in numerous little private jokes and even ventures a complicated, but rather obscure, Anglo-German pun.

Meine liebe alte !

I have written a long letter to Mama and so have little time or need to write to you. But as you are so honest and have so often written to me, I will send you, too, a letter on this happy nuptial day on which our beloved elder brother enters Hymen's realm, and lays the foundation stone of a new and flourishing stem of our incomparable family. I learn with the liveliest interest from your last letter that your health is so tolerable despite the fact you live entirely on sour milk and pork, poor wretch ! Only beware of the 'Three drams, the Holland, the Brandy and the Rum,' lest they should prejudice your struggle for health. That our dear Menzelio is also pleased to be back at Holzkirchen again gives me great pleasure. I have not for a long time heard anything either from Schmid or from Wessenberg.

That the carriage has travelled round so unnecessarily is

most annoying, and I am furious with the stem of Judah and have written to Herr Rothschild, who has known for over two months that the carriage (which moreover had the address written on it in large letters) was intended for Wessenberg, that those people who were responsible for the confusion, despite the fact that it had all been explained to them, will have to be gracious enough to bear the cost. Baron Amschel Rothschild in Frankfurt will also be free to do so ! If the good people had taken the trouble to look at the coat of arms etc. on the carriage they would have noticed that the supporters were large dogs, and however it is or may be with the family 'with their going to the dogs' they have not yet appeared on the coat of arms !

As to Charlotte's health I refer you to my letter to Mama. She was very tired by all the distinguished people who were here, now however, God bless her, all goes well. . . .

The things which came by the Hanoverian courier arrived rather damp with the exception of Mama's portrait which is in an excellent state of preservation. We now wish very much to possess your portrait and with a little '*connaissance de cause*' I beg that you will be so kind as to allow the one with the orange 'Moldave' which belongs to Mama, to be copied as it is one of the best. As Charlotte wished to hear some details about you I gave her some, and explained that what was chiefly remarkable was that you were forced to shave every Saturday evening as you had a thick black beard which had frequently caused you to be taken for their Colonel by the Uhlans !—The Hanoverian courier comes here again in September. Charlotte very much wants to have your portrait the same size as Mama's so that it can hang as a pendant. . . .

Now adieu, my love to my faithful Menzelio who will

indeed answer this letter as soon as it arrives. . . . My best blessings on you in which my wife also joins.

Your ever faithful brother

LEOPOLD.

CLAREMONT, 31st July, 1817.

Another member of the Coburg clan of whom mention is now made is Juli, Leopold's sister, who was married to the Grand Duke Constantine, the brother of Tsar Alexander and Tsar Nicholas, a prince who seems to have inherited several of the more unpleasant eccentricities of his father, the lamented Tsar Paul. The marriage had been dissolved and the Duke of Coburg now had his sister back on his hands again. This Princess is remarkable in history for a curious mistake in which she was once involved. Some years later at the time of the Decembrist Revolt in Russia, large numbers of the peasantry were induced to support the revolutionaries in their demand for a constitution, owing to the fact that they were under the impression that this word was the feminine of Constantine, to which in Russian it is very similar, and so they imagined they were espousing the cause of this Princess, whose treatment at the hands of her husband had won her considerable sympathy.

The identity of the 'upright but unattractive book-keeper' can only be guessed at; possibly he is merely a personification of those virtues which the Grand Duchess appears to have lacked, but with which, according to Leopold, she would be forced to come to some compromise.

Meine liebe Alte !

I must thank you for your letter as well as for the copy which you allowed Malchen to make. I have sent her, through the Hanoverian courier, a little silk flag and another one for my beloved Pinchen. I beg you to accompany these gifts with a few friendly words and tell them that as they were

not able to carry them at the wedding they may be allowed to do so at the christening. . . . I have recently written to Wessenberg where the carriage will by now at last have arrived. . . .

Charlotte, thank God, continues to keep well. There is not much news—save a few business matters about which the Regent, who may never write, still owes me an answer. Up till now it has been raining in the most unheard of fashion—although I have not transgressed, but only come near to doing so ! If we should have no good harvest weather it will be an inconceivable misfortune, and moreover exceedingly dangerous because here the shortage will be manipulated for political reasons. I have already written to Mama on this subject so here I can only repeat myself.

I hear that Juli goes to Coburg. Which has doubtless caused a revolution there ! I fear that our Russian friend's hatred for the upright but unattractive book-keeper has caused a 'Blow up' ! It is a great pity that Juli's finances are so important for her existence for who will make themselves responsible for them ? Charlotte joins with me in hoping very soon to have good news from you [*The Countess Mensdorff had been ill*]. Greet Mama on our behalf and the whole family, particularly the little bride. My love to Menzel who has a long letter of mine to answer.

I remain your ever devoted friend

LEOPOLD.

CLAREMONT, 28th Aug., 1817.

The following letter, in the light of subsequent events, has a remarkable and melancholy interest. Throughout the correspondence there has been frequent mention of Charlotte's health from which we may conclude that there had already been some slight cause for anxiety. Now her time has come and the house

is filled with doctors in whom Leopold puts a great and unjustified faith. The chief of these was Sir Richard Croft, a self-opinionated and obstinate medical bigwig, whose affability was small compensation for his dictatorial methods and constant refusal ever to consult with his colleagues. Although Sir Richard was the principal medico, the most interesting was Stockmar who now makes his first appearance on the English stage where afterwards he was to wield so considerable an influence. He had been Leopold's doctor on active service and having accompanied him to England had quickly won the hearts both of his master and of Charlotte. He had already hinted to Sir Richard that he feared all was not well with his patient but had only been snubbed for his pains.

However, not all this extremely interesting letter is concerned with gynæcological matters. Mention is made of another sister of Leopold, Antoinette, who had married Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, at that time in the Russian service. The Grand Duke Nicholas referred to here was afterwards Tsar Nicholas I.

The Lieven was the celebrated wife of the Russian Prince of that name who was at this time the Russian Ambassador in London. She was a born intriguer, and achieved the remarkable feat of being mistress of two such prominent and widely different statesmen as Metternich and Guizot.

Victoria is of course Leopold's widowed sister, the Princess of Leiningen, afterwards Duchess of Kent and mother of Queen Victoria.

Meine liebe Alte !

It is already past the time for me to write once more to my beloved friend and sister, but up till now I have never had an opportunity to do so, for an intimate correspondence takes up so much time. Among other things there has been

a short but stormy epistolary skirmish with the Bishops on the subject of Vicky's baptism. We have very much regretted your beloved letters and Charlotte, who was always very impatient to read them, frequently complains that they no longer arrive.

You must not expect a very cheerful letter, although I always feel inclined to write one, having a natural fondness for harmless malice, but at a moment when one is awaiting the outcome of an event which provokes, not merely thought, but also anxiety, one finds it impossible to achieve. Charlotte, God guard her a thousandfold is still quite well although she has had a little pain from time to time, but this has only occurred occasionally and her nights have mostly been peaceful. She continues her normal way of life and goes out into the fresh air as often as the weather permits. Her time began on the 19th, and we had hoped that all would be over by the end of month. And now we are in November '*comme si de rien en etait.*' Old Croft says that the fruit will fall the more lightly from the tree if it is quite ripe. So we hope that God will so allow it. . . . Everything encourages us to count on a happy outcome, and the above-mentioned Sir Richard says that it would be impossible to wish for anything to be in the smallest degree different from what it is. This doctor, in whom Charlotte has a great and well-placed confidence, is a dear, good man and always cheerful and full of jokes : but he regards every aspect of this matter of creation from a purely quantitative standpoint, and it is his earnest intention to convert all those who hitherto have not been of this way of thinking to his own productive point of view. For example he will start with a wonderful cure for Lady John Thynne, a nice little woman, also quite good-looking, but 17 years and three months older, and married for 16 years without children, which will

convert her to these ideas. She has once already suffered considerable embarrassment on this account. Moreover he never sees her flirting—she is an adorable little spaniel, but childless, alas, and denied satisfaction—without saying ‘If we do not pull that little bitch and make her live lower she never will have any puppies.’ I never take him shooting with me without his calling all the dogs bitches, although one is called Robber, another Crack and the third Simro, but this however makes no difference; he says ‘They are very clever bitches.’ With all this he is very skilful in his own line and will moreover communicate his opinion with regard to you. Stocki has given him a report of your illness without informing him of the treatment or his own opinion. We have the house full of doctors; Croft is very tall and goes by the name of the long Doctor. A very respectable, reverend, gentleman who was once the tutor of the plump, naughty little Charlotte, is fat and with the name of Short, he is the short doctor, then comes Stocki who is the little doctor; funnily enough they follow each other in point of size like organ pipes. Hardenbruck is not very well and in a frightful temper over everything. It is really a great pity that so honest and upright, and also so pleasant, a man has such a trouble which must cause such very unpleasant moments. I do everything to make him comfortable here: he has a good income, everything free, rides my horses, can go wherever he pleases, has always been treated by me with friendliness and consideration and then he still finds it possible to discover for himself *sujets de mauvaise humeur*. Mistress Campbell (*the midwife*) is paler, thinner and more sickly than ever and in a continual state of worry; at night she sits up in bed listening for any noise in the house. She has complained of her trouble to the long doctor and that she has been unable to close an eye; he has given her the

advice that if she cares to tie her night cap up tight over her ears and hear nothing, then she will be left in peace. This she has taken extremely badly ! Charlotte has seen no visitors here for some time. The Lieven, who has come back from Paris, seems to have been somewhat put out by this. Our weather is so so. The last few days have not been unpleasant, but before it has been endlessly wet. Grandmamma (Queen Charlotte) goes to-morrow to Bath for the birthday of her youngest and sickly, daughter, and for the anniversary of the death of another who died some years ago, but she is too delicate to embarrass herself with such trifles. From the family I do not hear very frequently, from Antoinette nothing for over six months. And then she only wrote to say that the Tsar was an angel, whom I, in her position should thank for his many kindnesses to her, and as Marie is so charming it is really very hard that an Imperial Throne will not quickly be raised somewhere, for her to put the child on ! Grand Duke Nicholas also writes her praises, and says that she is on very friendly terms with his young wife. But I am rather afraid that the little Marie will not eventually marry a king and will therefore be unhappy for the rest of her life. . . .

From Juliette I have heard nothing further for a long time, of which subject there would be far too much to say now.

I have forgotten to write to you to say that I found the Holzkirchener wine very good and pleasant and consider it a very good policy to encourage this industry ; I will also buy some. Wessenberg was delighted over the carriage that has at last arrived, and which is really very beautiful. Make my apologies to Mama for I cannot write to her, and we are grumbling, possibly without reason, that we have been so long a time without a letter. All my love to Menzel.

Charlotte sends you her love and hopes that meine alte will get better and better.

Your very devoted brother

LEOPOLD.

CLAREMONT, 2nd November, 1817.

Seven weeks later comes the last, tragic letter. The Princess Charlotte had given birth to a still-born son late on the 5th of November; at first her condition had given rise to no alarm, and although disappointed that her child was dead, she remained cheerful, and Leopold retired to his room to snatch a few hours' sleep. He was awakened some time later by Stockmar with the news that Charlotte was dead. In the interval she had suddenly been seized with pain and despite all the frantic efforts of Croft, who had refused to allow any of the other doctors in her room during the confinement and whose self-complacency was now finally shattered, she expired before Leopold could be roused. The shock of this quite unexpected calamity was generally overwhelming. The Princess had been enormously popular and she was now mourned by those who had hoped to be her subjects, with a sincerity and abandon quite unparalleled. The Regent collapsed and gave way to torrents of weeping, not, one hopes unmingled with self-reproach; old Queen Charlotte was prostrated by the news, while the lamentable Croft blew out his brains a few months later. Of the disastrous effect on Leopold this letter is an eloquent testimony; that it was lasting as well as overwhelming is proved by the following extract from a letter written nearly thirty years later to Queen Victoria.

My gift is Charlotte's portrait. The face is extremely like, and the likest that exists; the hair is a little too fair, it had become also darker. I take this opportunity to repeat that Charlotte was a noble-minded and highly gifted creature. She was nervous, as all the family have been; she could be

violent, but then she was full of repentance for it, and her disposition *highly generous and susceptible of great devotion*. . . .

Her understanding was extremely good ; she knew everybody, and I even afterwards found her judgment generally extremely correct. *She had read a great deal and knew well what she had read*. Generous she was almost *too much*, and her *devotion* was quite affecting, from a character so much pushed to be selfish and imperious.

I will here end my souvenir of poor dear Charlotte, but I thought that the subject could not but be interesting to you. Her constancy in wishing to marry me, which she maintained under difficulties of every description, has been the foundation of all that touched the family afterwards. You know, I believe, that your poor father was the chief promoter, though also the Yorks were ; but our correspondence from 1814 till 1816 was entirely carried on through his kind intervention ; it would otherwise have been impossible, as she was really treated as a sort of prisoner. Grant always to that good and generous Charlotte, who sleeps already with her beautiful little boy so long, where all will go to, an affectionate remembrance, and believe me she deserves it.

It is not perhaps too fanciful to suppose that Leopold's deep affection for, and interest in, Victoria was partially based on the resemblance which her situation bore to that of the cousin whose death had elevated her to the throne. At Osborne and Balmoral Leopold observed the realisation of so much that he had planned at Claremont ; the fulfilment of those dreams which for him the malignancy of fate and the incompetence of Harley Street had shattered for ever.

As the nineteenth century wears on, we watch the figure of Leopold growing ever more important and impressive and steadily less human. But behind that imposing façade of king and diplomat

we are always conscious of something lacking ; something that had perished with Charlotte and lay buried with her in the vaults of Windsor. When finally the bewigged and painted old gentleman, the founder of modern Belgium and the father-in-law, uncle, cousin of half the crowned heads in Europe was gathered to his fathers it was discovered that in his will he had left instructions that he was to be buried, not beside his Bourbon princess in the land for which he had done so much, but beside poor little Charlotte among the tombs of all those quarrelling relations he had once so much disliked. As the funeral cortège wound its way through the mourning streets of Brussels among those who followed the royal catafalque was the youthful Duke of Connaught, the last surviving link between our modern world and the royal tragedy recorded in these letters.

Liebe alte !

A thousand thanks for your letter of the 6 December, write to me as often as your health permits, *your letters do me good*, and frequently release my pent up grief in tears. . . . You were the delight of my dead angel, nothing interested and amused her more than to be allowed the precedence with you, and she then broke open the parcel from Rothschild with that enthusiasm which she always displayed over everything which she liked, in order to give me your letters. I cannot tell you how we used to look forward to the arrival of the courier from Hanover, which was always an occasion for rejoicing with her, just like children over the Christ Child. Yes, *meine liebe alte*, had one only God's leave to cast off this life and to be joined with her once more !—

Patience, patience though the heart breaks
 And God in Heaven heedeth not
 (Geduld, Geduld, wenns Herz auch bricht
 Mit Gott im Himmel hadere nicht.)

What mortal has lost so much true happiness? I had now once and for all become *accustomed to domestic happiness*, I so dearly wanted children and lived so entirely for that which would make us both truly happy, not for the pomp which our position and importance gave us. As it was I thanked God when Strangers, even though they were good friends, left our Paradise after a visit as I wished to be quiet and happy with the Mouse *and nothing else*! What a feeling of love and tranquillity and happiness filled my breast when in the evening we came back home, and she slept with her head gently resting on my heart, and I said to myself: Your strong arm now holds *your All*, your delight and your treasure!—Charlotte was a very beautiful woman and possessed in a high degree that which the English call 'Countenance,' but, I assure you, and in my present state I am less capable than ever of saying anything which I do not really feel, that although her appearance was truly lovely and charming, it was my little Mouse's noble heart and personality that I loved and daily grew to love more and more. This was the guarantee of my faith which the terrors neither of age nor of sickness could shake. And what could split the union of our souls—nothing, unless it were possible for life so to seduce me and make me unworthy of being joined with her again at last, who was so fit for heaven. I venture to hope that this will be unlikely, for I have had experience of happiness and attained it in the highest degree possible to man, and I ask my conscience which tells me that I have sworn in gratitude to God to glorify his renown through the lustre of virtue from the Throne, and that my heart was only concerned with the welfare of my angel, in which I can find little that is blameworthy. Who has endured good fortune can also bear the iron hand of boundless misfortune, if he has once reconciled himself to

I had the Will of the Inconceivable ; and virtue is the only road to the dearly longed-for world beyond. Ah, were I already there !—My health is tolerable, although to my great joy I am pale, thinner and feebler, were it otherwise I should consider it a reproach. For you and yours, whatever Heaven may decree, I shall always to the best of my ability, provide. When I made the sad journey to Windsor and secretly flattered myself with the belief that I should not survive it, I then insured the welfare of you and your affairs, as well as my depressed condition allowed by a last final arrangement, and I would not have been happy if had not, although with some difficulty, thus accomplished it.—So long as this heart beats it will never cease to care for the welfare of those who are dear to it, and finally at the wished-for end, death will ratify what was promised in life.

Live, liebe alte, for the True and inexpressibly Good, the best of life's companions, virtue and true love which do not change and grow old, live for your beloved children ! You, my dear, still have the bonds of love to bind and to continue binding you to life. I have lost my all, the lovely, noble wife, the beautiful little boy they wait for me in cool places.

Adieu, liebe alte, you see I am already a little better, kiss our dear friend in my name. It will be a great pleasure to me to see you again next year.

Your poor friend LEOPOLD.

All my love to Mama and be so kind as to greet the little sister-in-law in my name on her birthday.

BIRDS IN SPRING.

BY J. M. CRASTER.

FEW people will disagree with the statement that the most interesting times of year for the study of bird life are spring and autumn. Mainly so because these are the periods when migration is at its height, but also owing to the delightful conditions of weather and of scenery which are so often vouchsafed to country dwellers during these two seasons.

As regards the actual migrations, these consist in spring of those species which have wintered in warmer climates, such as Spain and Africa, and are now returning to the north to breed. Some members of this great and varied company find all they require in the shape of food supply and nesting sites in these islands, whilst others are not so easily satisfied and proceed much farther north; some, indeed, will submit to no other conditions than those to be found in the Arctic Circle itself.

The spring migrants consist principally of song-birds, and include that very musical and delightful class known as the 'warblers.'

Entirely different are those birds which make up the bulk of the 'back-end' migrants. Here again, some—and a very small minority at that—stay with us for the winter, while the vast majority have yet many hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of miles to cover before they find conditions suitable for all the winter months.

The autumn migrants, numbering in their multitude the two great clans of wild fowl and 'waders,' are very attractive by reason of their musical and varied call-notes, and also

for their really remarkable powers of flight ; but, taken as a whole, song have they none.

When we turn to the summer migrants, however, we find avian music at its best and most varied.

It is true that certain of our native singers, such as song-thrush, blackbird and skylark, do include many extremely beautiful notes in their repertoire, and that they undoubtedly do seem wonderfully sweet to us in the early spring months, when our ears are, as it were, empty of all save the call-notes, sometimes rather sad and dreary, of the winter visitors. But these hard-working and persistent outpourers of music fade into insignificance when we hear the first blackcap or nightingale.

This seems rather unfair to our native species who, after all, can do no more than give us of their best ; and that, very often, when the weather conditions by no means conduce to the production of high-class music. But still, human nature being what it is, are we not rather inclined to wish the mistle-thrush would 'shut up' when the first willow-wren showers down his delicate warble from the graceful branches of the greening larches, quite forgetting how delightful sounded the stormcock's first challenge to the snow-storm one bitter day in January ? Similarly, welcome as are the combined efforts of blackbird and song-thrush when spring is really in the air, in late March or early April, how terribly familiar and almost plebeian they both seem when coming into competition with garden-warbler or wood-wren.

A similar state of affairs often exists when we analyse our thoughts with regard to trees. How soothing and delicious is the sound of a winter wind amongst the branches of some old Scots Pine upon the moors, and yet how we are apt to turn almost contemptuously away from the same tree

in early summer and utter the most fulsome praises of the larch standing beside it in all the glory of green needles and tiny crimson flowers. How comforting it was to find shelter and warmth in the 'ride' of a Norway Spruce plantation in mid-winter, but how dull are these same spruces beside the delicate green of Silver Birch.

To the average bird lover, therefore, as distinct from what one might term the specialist—whether game-shooter or wild-fowler—the arrival of the summer migrants will be more eagerly looked forward to than will that of their opposite numbers in the autumn. While to those who appreciate birds most from the point of view of their voices, the autumn call-notes, beautiful and appropriate as these often are, will not bear comparison with the lovely outpourings of many warblers in the full ecstasy of their nuptial ardour.

When writing under such a heading, however, as 'birds in spring,' one must assuredly never think of leaving out of account the songs, behaviour and habits of our native species. First, because to do so would be to tell little more than half the story; and secondly, because quite often in this climate the arrival of the main bulk of summer visitors is delayed so much that, were it not for the voices of the resident songsters, hardly a sound would be heard in field or woodland until the spring is nearly finished.

Then again, from another point of view, there are springs and springs. There is the one put down in black and white on the calendar, and there is, or may be, quite a different one when weather is employed as the distinction between winter and spring, or between spring and summer.

Spring sometimes arrives suddenly, and very prematurely, in late February or early March: very welcome, it is true, but at the same time bringing with it an unpleasant question

at the back of one's mind of 'How soon are we going to suffer for this?' For it is very seldom that the clerk of the weather will let us off altogether, and forget to inflict upon us that set-back which is doubtless so salutary in its effect upon our optimism!

Taking these various factors into consideration, it is probably fairly accurate to think of the subject 'birds in spring' as beginning with the first lusty whistle of the storm-cock from the top of a leafless elm, when the outside temperature still feels 'mid-wintery,' to the appearance of the last summer migrant when all Nature is clothed in her green and shady finery.

Working to this rough plan, one comes to the conclusion that the time of spring, so far as birds are concerned, is a period of music and of battle. True, most of the battles are certainly insufficient in vigour and 'un-gory' enough in result to flutter the doves of Geneva, but that need not be taken into consideration. All is fair in love and war: and since these battles are undoubtedly fought 'all for the love of a lady,' surely it matters not whether or no the stretcher party is required, so long as one bird finds himself the victor, and is rewarded for his valour by being permitted—truly in this case—to bill and coo with his selected fair one!

Not all songs either lead up to, or are the conclusion of, battles. Some obviously are merely an expression of the singer's delight with the weather, the food supply, his own feeling of well-being, or possibly a combination of all three. This may be the cause, but the effect, upon the human audience, is usually—unless we are so absolutely steeped in our own troubles and sorrows as to be oblivious to the music—that of a quick cheering up of the senses; a broad hint that the hard times of winter are drawing to a close, and that it

behoves us to take a leaf out of the singer's book and to look gladly forward to better times in the future.

Let us accept this good advice thankfully and act upon it.

Beginning, then, with the earlier and commoner avian spring music, one finds that by no means all of it is produced by so-called song-birds. The song-birds proper are given able assistance by such instrumentalists as the cushat (wood pigeon), stock dove, curlew, redshank, and last, but most assuredly not least, the peewit. None of these birds can be said to sing in the strict sense of the word, but whether the sound they produce is described as a call-note, or merely as conversation, spring in England would certainly not be spring without it.

The cooing of the cushat, although by some considered monotonous by reason of the uniformity of the number of syllables contained in each phrase, yet appears to vary greatly, to the discerning, according to the conditions. When first heard in late winter or early spring it sounds loud, confident and challenging; during pleasant and showery April weather the general effect is as of thankfulness and pleasure that spring is truly here at last; while upon a really hot summer day, when the cooer is hidden in the dense foliage of some woodland tree, the coo is so subdued and languid as to suggest that the utterer finds it almost too much of an effort to produce the sound at all, and only does so from a firm sense of duty.

Another delightful attribute of the cushat, though beginning later in the year than does the cooing period, is the graceful but noisy 'clapping' flight; when the bird alternately climbs and drops, accompanying the former movement by a succession of loud reports, a joy flight *par excellence*.

The cooing of the stock dove is even more monotonous than is that just described, as it consists of two syllables only,

constantly and rapidly repeated, but the spring flight is quite different. The little dove glides round in wide circles with its wings raised high on each side, and rocks very slightly from side to side as it does so.

Those three well-known residents, the curlew, redshank and peewit, all have their spring call accompanied by its equally attractive spring flight. But whereas the two last-named never (although that is a very risky word to use with reference to any bird !) make use of either call or flight except in the breeding season, the first individual may be heard giving vent to the lovely bubbling whistle any time during the winter ; but it is only when keyed up to a sufficient pitch of amatory ecstasy that the call and flight are combined and the full performance given.

As showing that there are some curlews which breed here and winter far to the southward, while others winter with us and produce their young much nearer to the Arctic Circle, it may be mentioned that one may come upon flocks of the latter still upon the shore while the former have already paired and are entertaining us with their spring call and flight in the rough grass fields.

The love-trill of the redshank, a repetition of the word 'tooli' or 'toolee,' is accompanied by a flight similar to that of the sandpiper upon the banks of the hill burn, in which the wings are held always well below the horizontal, and are then made to tremble rather than to flap, as the redshank glides gradually nearer to the ground.

The well-known spring call of the peewit is about as indescribable as any bird music can be, but seems to embody the very spirit of joyful springtime. The bird rises from the ploughed or grass field with slow and ponderous, almost owl-like, flaps ; gradually accelerates, and then flings itself about in the air with complete and utter abandon, while

the broad pinions 'thrum' with a sound as of wind in tightly stretched wires. Suddenly the call comes crashing forth, and then the bird lands gently, folds the wings, and stands motionless.

So much for the more or less really musical members among the long list of resident birds. There are, however, others which, though by no means worthy of inclusion when one is dealing solely with the subject of spring calls—and far less so under the heading of song-birds—yet merit attention on account of the pleasure their voices give to many people. In this category must be placed the rook and jackdaw, and any other species which may bring joy to various individuals because, by an association of ideas, their voices recall happy memories of one kind or another.

It is true that neither rook nor jackdaw are more vocally inclined in the spring than they are at any other period of the year, yet at this season there does appear to be something more of the spirit of glad springtime—a sort of speaking *joie de vivre*—in their calls than is noticeable during the remaining months. The larger bird seems to be expressing his excitement and enthusiasm at the thoughts of nest building, bringing up the family, and then teaching that family all that it must know when reaching the years of discretion; while the smaller grey-headed cousin produces his loud and cheerful 'jack' with such glad emphasis that the listener feels instinctively that the bird is really welcoming the warmer air, the bursting of buds, and in fact all the accompaniments which make this season so looked forward to by human beings themselves.

Having now dealt briefly with two classes of birds, those whose calls appear to reflect the spirit of spring, and those which have special spring calls of their own, it is time to turn to some at least of the real song-birds which supply

(at least) half the attraction of the country-side from January to March ; and which would do so until June, were it not for the fact that the arrival of the migrant musicians is apt to make us distinctly blasé towards their resident rivals.

First and foremost, if only on the score of volume of sound, must come the mistle-thrush. This bird has many traits in its character which must commend it favourably to our notice : the complete contempt it evinces for any efforts the weather may make to drown its song, the great pluck shown in the defence of nest and young, and the wonderful tone of the loud whistle. This whistle does, it is true, seem rather overdone when challenged by the first flute-notes of the blackbird, but it is surely better to agree that, at any rate in this case, comparisons are odious, and in the meantime to appreciate the glad and challenging forerunner of spring, coming when winter is by no means yet on the retreat ?

The blackbird needs no further particular mention other than to state that, with the exception of the single-note-crescendo of the nightingale and the rather similar performance of the wood-wren, its whistle is probably the clearest and most sweetly toned of all similar bird music.

Possibly more people know the song of the thrush than that of any other bird, and almost always because of its habit of repeating one or more phrases *ad infinitum*. Such remarks as 'pretty Dick' and 'did you do it ?' appear to constitute at least 50 per cent. of those thoughts which the song-thrush wishes to put into words !

Incidentally, apart from the robin and wren, which are well known to be more or less all-the-year-round songsters, the thrush is more often heard during the autumn months than most other species, although at this season the full volume is lacking as compared with the spring song.

Another species, without whose music it would certainly be felt that some important element was lacking in an English spring, is the chaffinch.

The song cannot compare for beauty of note or length of utterance with several other species; none the less, here again there seems to be a sort of concentrated joy contained in the loud and cheerful rattle, which implies that the bird is really singing to express its appreciation of the return of spring, and by no means merely from a sense of duty.

While on the subject of the song of resident species, there is one item which must never be omitted. Although perhaps partaking more of the nature of a call-note than a song proper, yet the 'little-bit-of-bread-and-no-cheese' of the yellowhammer, constituting that bird's only musical effort, can surely be credited to its account as at least a song-substitute, if not a real song? Although the phrase is almost always of the same length, and contains the same number of syllables, yet individuals constantly vary the intonation of their remarks. The first five words are sung on the same note, and then follow four alternatives: (a) the 'no' up and the 'cheese' down, (b) vice versa, (c) the 'no' on the same note as the first five words, and the 'cheese' up, (d) similar with regard to the 'no' but with the 'cheese' down.

Although by no possibility can it be classed as a song, yet the call-note of the greenfinch—that long-drawn-out 'dweee'—partakes to some extent of the nature of the yellowhammer's song, in that it also varies in tune, but the variation is only twofold as compared with the fourfold one described above. Curiously enough, in the writer's experience, the majority of the greenfinches in Northumberland gradually raise their voices as the 'dwee' is produced, thus making it sound like a question; on the other hand, most of the south-country birds of the same species drop

the note towards the end of their 'dwee' and thus change the apparent meaning of the remark from a rather cheerful question to that of a more or less doleful statement.

The whole subject of the call-notes and songs of the many resident birds is a very extensive one, and might be stretched almost indefinitely, but any writer on this very attractive theme cannot avoid the impression that a voice is urgently whispering in his ear, 'When are you going to stop all that and begin discussing *us*?' ; and it needs no very keen detective work to recognise this voice as representing the combined outburst of the clan of the warblers. And when this broad hint has been taken, with all due humility, the next question is where to begin. Shall it be in order of arrival, in volume of song, or what?

Very possibly this question, if put to five or six bird enthusiasts, might provoke five or six different answers. This, although very puzzling to the man in the street, is yet an admirable result, as showing the very varied appeal which bird song makes to different natures, and therefore the distinct likelihood of a great widening in the already extensive number of bird lovers which would occur if the many delights of practical ornithology were put before the public as a whole.

There is no doubt that, beautiful and attractive as are the songs and call-notes of the resident birds, it is when one's ears are enchanted by the liquid and glorious outpourings of the warblers that one is made to realise to what a pitch of perfection bird music can reach.

A very useful fact relative to the voices of the many warblers is that in the majority of cases these are completely distinct one from another, and that the identification of their owners is thereby very much simplified; a great help when it is remembered that most of the birds spend their time here

either amongst the thick leaves of full-foliaged trees, or else among the impervious tangle of hedge and copse—neither of which leads to clarity of vision, especially when the longest period of time that any warbler remains still can be better counted in seconds than in minutes !

Possibly as good a plan to adopt as any other is to take that group of three individuals first, consisting of the willow-wren, chiff-chaff and wood-wren, the trio which is sometimes known as the 'leaf warblers.' The first two are completely indistinguishable from each other by sight, but, fortunately, the songs are very different indeed ; in fact the utterance of the chiff-chaff can only be given the courtesy title of song, call-note being a more fitting and accurate description of the incessant repetition of the first syllable of its own name. On the other hand, the willow-wren fills the hedges and woodlands with a simple but deliciously melodious little song, the very epitome of the gentle breezes and balmy air of summer.

The wood-wren, distinctly rarer than the other two, has a song which is almost unique amongst bird music, and which Hudson describes as 'a long passionate trill—the woodland sound which is like no other.' In addition to this musical shiver the bird occasionally gives vent to a most beautiful full and almost nightingale-like note which literally compels one's notice.

Whether this group gets its name of leaf warblers by reason of the fact that the individuals are usually seen—or rather not seen—amongst the tree branches, or because of their greenish plumage, really does not matter ; but certainly both their habits and their colouring seem very appropriate to the still delicate shades of deciduous trees in the early summer.

Another group, though containing but two members,

comes next. Their songs are louder than those of the leaf warblers, and this group differs from the latter in that whereas the voices are the better method of identification in the case of the three above-named species, in the two about to be described individuals the plumage is a much better guide than are the songs. Sometimes indeed, and especially early in the season, even the expert has some difficulty in deciding whether the bird to which he is listening is a blackcap or a garden warbler. Usually the former makes the superior music, though in shorter snatches of song; while the latter seems to be able to say more with one breath, and at the same time appears to be in much more of a hurry to get it said! In fact on many occasions the effect which the song of the garden warbler has upon its hearer is similar to that of the feeding starling upon the observer—a distinct resemblance to a man trying to catch a train!

There is really nothing at all distinctive about the garden warbler so far as its plumage is concerned, and the blackcap has only that member which gives it its name to which attention need be drawn.

The mention of the hurry in which the garden warbler appears to be when uttering its song naturally leads one to think of that other warbler to whom speed also seems highly necessary—the whitethroat. This species has an additional claim to attention when pouring forth its lively music, and that is the characteristic aerial dance with which the song is almost always accompanied. The obviously excited little bird sits upon some prominent spray of thorn in a roadside hedge, looking very perky and important, and suddenly springs into the air to a height of some twenty or thirty feet, uttering, as it does so, a curious and confused medley of notes, some musical and others harsh. On reach-

ing the maximum altitude which the singer appears to consider necessary, it descends again by a succession of extremely erratic side-slips and other apparently aimless manoeuvres, all the time continuing the song, the last note or two of which are often uttered as the bird vanishes into the tangle of the hedge. This, though not invariable, is a much commoner ending to the song and dance than it is to see the singer descend and perch upon the same, or a similar, spray of hedge vegetation which exposes him to the public gaze.

The last-named bird has a smaller cousin in the shape of the lesser whitethroat; the latter is not only considerably scarcer in most districts than is its larger relative, but is of such a secretive and skulking habit that it is even more rarely seen than is justified merely on the score of the small number which are available for observation.

Whether it is correct to say that the lesser whitethroat has two distinct songs, or only one song and a call-note, is a matter of opinion, but at any rate there are two separate utterances, both of which offer a ready means of identification. The first is a very subdued and more melodious edition of the song of the common whitethroat, while the latter—and the sound more often heard—is a quick succession of very full-toned notes resembling, at any rate to many people's ears, the 'little-bit-of-bread-and-no-cheese' of the yellowhammer, but omitting the last word.

As previously stated, the voice of the lesser whitethroat is much more often heard than the actual bird is seen, as both types of song usually come from some many-leaved tangle in which it is almost like searching for the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay to attempt to pick out the little eager, restless singer from its chosen thicket.

Two further species of warblers remain to be mentioned,

one of which is very, and the other moderately, common in Northumberland; the first being the sedge-warbler and the other the grasshopper-warbler.

The former is not the only bird the name of which is not always very descriptive of its habits. Sedge-warbler it may certainly be where these plants abound, but in most parts of the country it might just as well be any one of the following: willow-warbler, privet-warbler, larch-warbler (where these trees are still small), and, in fact, almost 'anything-warbler' so long as the anything affords the noisy little bird sufficient undergrowth in which to hide, and slightly elevated perches from which to utter its amazingly varied jumble of sounds, both sweet and the reverse.

Two favourite sites for this species are either where a wood has been felled and the resulting tangle of stool-shoots and undergrowth gives the required conditions, or some young plantation wherein the growing trees, preferably larch, are big enough to provide cover, but not yet sufficiently tall to exclude light and air.

In conditions such as these one or more pairs of sedge-warblers will continue singing all day and late into the night—for with the exception of the nightingale this is the latest singer we have among the migrants—filling the surrounding air with such an extraordinary medley of sounds as really defies description. Not only are the actual notes varied in the extreme, both sweet and harsh, but the turning of the singer's head gives an apparently wide range of volume, and the song ebbs and flows from piano to crescendo and back again, until the listener begins to wonder where the bird really is—four yards away or forty.

When actually seen, and this—though oftener than in the case of the lesser whitethroat—is not nearly as frequent as one could wish, the bird has one excellent mark of identifica-

tion, a pale stripe resembling an eyebrow, which shows up well in a good light.

The question of sedges apart, water seems by no means necessary to this species, though on the other hand the presence of a small pond or stream is in no way objected to ; but the loquacious musician is just as likely to be found at a distance of half a mile from a tiny trickle of water, as it is close to the bank of some considerable body of that liquid.

The grasshopper-warbler is really quite well-named, although some supersensitive ears find a greater resemblance between the bird's call and the note of a fisherman's reel, than they do between the former and the chirruping of a grasshopper. This is no doubt very interesting and instructive to those who endeavour upon all occasions to find something to criticise, but the effect which the sound has upon most people is one of amazement that the vocal chords of the avian singer are apparently capable of an absolutely unlimited quantity of music without taking breath. To one listening to the trill of the grasshopper-warbler for the first time the result usually is that, long before the conclusion of the performance, the human audience finds himself gasping for breath in sympathy with the complete vacuum which he feels sure must now fill the bird's lungs ! Were the clan of the warblers ever to found a pipe band in imitation of the Clans of the North, there is no doubt whatever which species would be chosen to get most volume of sound from the chanter and the drone !

There are, of course, other warblers in addition to those mentioned, but apart from the reed-warbler—which though common is at the same time very local—the others are to be classed more as ' to be hoped for ' than as ' to be expected.' Possibly some readers will be thinking—' what about the

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nightingale'; and the answer must be, although quite contrary to almost universal opinion, that the nightingale is not a warbler. It is true that bird artists of the past were in the habit of drawing this bird as a thin and rather æsthetic figure, while poets added to the current misconception on the subject by insisting that the nightingale's song was always upon sad subjects and in a minor key; whereas we now know that the bird has much more in common with the robin or the redstart than it has with the warblers. At the same time, though the song is usually heard when the day is dying or dead, this is by no means the only period of song; and the song itself is in no sense a dirge, but a wonderfully full-bodied and energetic outpouring of most beautiful and stirring music.

Unfortunately this perfect song bird has not yet advanced its home to the whole area 'twixt Trent and Tweed,' though rumours have been circulated of its appearance far to the north of the usual area; so, this essay being intended to refer principally to Northumberland, the writer does not feel it his place to expatiate upon the subject.

The three main groups of birds whose music fills the country-side in spring having now been dealt with, it remains to wander from the subject of avian life discussed from the point of view of mass habit, and to make some remarks upon the habits of individuals themselves.

Here we find that, just as the love or mating instinct is responsible both for spring songs and for spring battles, so the same instinct and that of the protection of offspring gives rise to many interesting and amusing episodes between bird and man and between bird and bird.

Imagine a steep hillside covered with grass, brambles and primroses, and dotted here and there with fine old trees. A cock pheasant challenges loudly from near the top of the

slope, and is at once answered by a rival : a hen rises from the undergrowth in close proximity to the first prospective husband and flies down the hill closely pursued by the two ardent cocks. She is about to settle half-way down the slope when there suddenly emerges a third cock, who not only startles her, but also completely upsets the plans of a trial by combat which presumably had already been decided upon by the first two ! The net result of the whole affair is that, instead of the lady watching a fight between two rival lovers, she is left disconsolate, while three surprised and angry gentlemen fly off in a noisy flock in search of a battleground !

One walks up the grass head-rig of a field, one half of which is fallow and the other autumn-sown wheat. Among the clods of the former several peewits have their nests, and some of the young ones are already running quite strongly over what must be to them very mountainous country. Presently one of the old birds, evidently feeling that the approach of the human being bodes no good to her young chicks, flies towards the intruder, settles on the grass at a distance of some ten yards or so, and begins the well-tried method of drawing the unwelcome visitor to a safer distance by a pretence of injury. It is this action which has given to the peewit its alternate name of lapwing—at any rate, some people consider this to be the origin of the word.

Unfortunately for this particular bird's scheme, the growing wheat is just the right height to catch in the wings whenever they are dropped to give the correct appearance of injury. So amusing does this seem to the human being, in whose honour the whole performance is being given, that, after the third or fourth effort has been similarly frustrated by the wheat stems, the audience can no longer restrain his laughter. Instantly the peewit appears to have been hurt

in all her tenderest feelings, and what woman does like being laughed at ?

Hitherto her obvious intention has been to appear as wounded and as unhappy as possible, but now all this is changed in a moment. Seeing that her Machiavellian duplicity is greeted with no sympathy, but rather with ribald merriment, she decides that the time for direct action has arrived. Rising, therefore, quickly into the air, and taking up a suitable position above and behind the man who has insulted her, she swoops at his head time after time in quick succession ; just missing her apparent objective, but filling his ears with the swish of her wings, and also with her remarks, which are probably anything but parliamentary !

One's walk may now extend to the banks of a river, and here a new type of avian fauna will give the observer a sample of its spring habits.

One stands for a few minutes upon a rustic bridge to admire the way the stream eddies and swirls between the stone buttresses. Wagtails, both pied and grey, run actively along the sandy shore a few yards down-stream, ever and anon springing into the air to pursue an insect which has sought to escape the beak of its would-be captor by rising higher in the warm air. If it cannot be said that all nature is at peace, it is yet true that the scene is one where, apart from the slaughter of insects, everything appears happy and content. Suddenly this is changed. A small dark form comes into view round the bend a hundred yards or so down-stream. Rapidly it approaches, low over the water and propelled by a pair of small and rounded wings, distinctly reminiscent of those of the wren. The prominent white breast at once identifies it as a dipper or water-ousel, and the very large beakful of moss informs the onlooker that beneath the arches of the bridge upon which he has

taken his stand is the site that the little builder has selected for its nest.

The dipper is about to fly up direct to the half-completed nest when some slight movement betrays the human figure. Instantly the bird changes direction and alights on the stone parapet, while even before the wings are actually folded, the owner of those small round propellers is announcing to all and sundry the hideous truth that a human being has had the effrontery to place himself where he can spy upon the activities of the avian world. The mere fact that the complainant's beak is literally chock-full of moss seems to exercise not one atom of restraint upon the volume, or the continuity, of the very loud grumbling which the bird considers that the occasion warrants. Were any person to be gagged in similar proportion to the size of his mouth, faint indeed would be the sounds to which he could give utterance, but friend dipper is very differently made.

Both bird songs and spring call-notes, although differing widely according to the individual species, are yet more or less uniform within the species as each springtime comes round once more. But when one studies the much wider and altogether more surprising subject of the habits of individuals within any one species, one finds that the more one learns the more there is to be learnt. It is thus quite possible to reach the stage where at least 99 per cent. of the bird notes heard, at once enable the hearer to assign to the singer its correct name. This has both its advantages and disadvantages: the former being that bird identification is not only possible but quite easy without even a glimpse of the singer being obtained, while the latter is that, this knowledge once acquired, the large question-mark is removed from the subject, and how dull is a mere statement compared with the endless possibilities of a question!

There remains, naturally, the delight of listening to, and of appreciating, the many songs and call-notes, although the perpetual words 'which' and 'what' are now lacking from our minds.

On the other hand, when we come to the habits of birds, especially in the mating and breeding season, the whole subject might be summed up as one of '?-?-?', the only possible variation being that another three question-marks could be added to the original three, and the description be just as accurate!

This is surely typical of the main joy of practical ornithology in the field, as compared to the scientific study of structural characteristics in museum specimens or skin collections.

It is true that a bird enthusiast living in, or in close proximity to, some well-known bird sanctuary, has far more opportunities open to him than has someone whose fate compels him to remain where perhaps only a few of the very commonest species are to be met with. None the less, so much variety do birds show in their character, that each of these observers, in his own particular sphere, can say with perfect truth, 'I haven't the least idea what that bird is going to do, or what new trait it will show me, to-morrow.'

It therefore behoves all lovers of Nature—and their number is probably larger to-day than ever before—to go about in the country with ears, eyes and mind wide open, ever on the look-out for new actions and new performances on the part of their avian friends, and ever thankful to these many performers for making life in this country so wonderfully attractive.

ALONG FRENCH RIVERS.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

IN the logic of nature, mountains come before rivers and determine their courses ; but rivers—apart from the fact that they hold fish—are of more interest to humanity, and it is always by watching watercourses that I build up my idea of a country.

Especially in France : the French, indeed, show their inclination to look at geography in this same way by calling nearly all their departments after the rivers which serve that admirably provided nation. It was great good luck for them to find their mountains placed in a big lump in the middle, and not, as for instance with us in Ireland, all round the coast. England is not a great deal better off ; its river valleys do not provide it with natural routes. Except for the beautiful stretch from Maidenhead to Oxford and another, of a very different beauty, between Leeds and Carlisle, I cannot recall any English railway lines that follow river courses ; whereas in France, almost wherever you travel, running water keeps the train company.

North of the Seine this is not so usual ; yet as we came from Dieppe, on a journey that was to run straight through from the Channel to the Mediterranean, for the first twenty miles one had the meanderings of the Scie, that pleasant little chalk stream, to look at ; and presently we picked up the Epte, another trout stream, and followed it to Gisors, where it heads west for Giverny. After that, great rivers came into the moving picture ; first the Oise for a little way, to its meeting with the Seine itself : but no rail

can afford to follow the meanderings of that capricious waterway, and one crosses and recrosses so often that it becomes hard to realise which way it flows.

Yet what a river ! and how Paris adorns and is adorned by it ! That night we had the good idea of dining at the *Rôtisserie Périgourdine*, on the little *Place* where the Boulevard St. Michel comes down to the Pont Neuf. There was savoury Perigordian food and wine of Sancerre, recommended to us by a wine waiter not in the waiter's conventional black and white, but with a cellarman's blue apron strapped about his ample waist by a leathern girdle ; full of good cheer, we emerged on to the *Place* and found a silvery moon turning the towers of Notre-Dame to a vaporous blue. But there are no words for the colours of that dim enchantment, nor for the sense of majestic well-proportioned mass that the quays and bridges gave as they loomed up through it ; while the heart of all this beauty was the strong river catching on its jewelled flow the reflection of innumerable lights. You can forget the Thames for weeks on end in London ; in Paris, the Seine is always felt everywhere and, where Paris is most worth seeing, will always be in sight.

Next day our way to Mont Dore in Auvergne took us for some way along the Seine—I had not realised that it enters Paris from the south. Leaving its docks and barges at Juvisy, we followed a dull little stream, the Orge, that recalls nothing to me, except indeed that Charles Péguy in the poem about his pilgrimage to Chartres tells that at the end of a long day's tramp, he found a bed

‘ dans le calme Dourdan,
Le jardin était clos dans un coude de l'Orge.’

But the Orge led Péguy out into that vast wheat-bearing

plain of La Beauce from which the spire of Notre-Dame de Chartres, 'tallest and the strongest stalk that ever rose towards a serene heaven,' dominates 'la profonde houle et l'océan des blés'—the deep surging ocean of a harvest enriched by the stored labour of two thousand years.

Yet our way was not towards Chartres but to the other towers of which Péguy has also written—the towers of the Maid of Orléans. We crossed the Loire at the northernmost point in its prodigious loop; here, it is within a hundred kilometres of Paris: but the sources of its head-waters are about a hundred kilometres from Arles on the delta of the Rhône. Running due north for a quarter of its course, it reaches the very heart of Burgundy in a department which takes its name from two absolutely opposite river systems, Saône-et-Loire; then inclining a little to the west, the Loire passes, amongst other places, Sancerre where our wine came from, and finally at Orléans swings sharply to the south. Only at Tours does it recognise that its business is to get straight to the Atlantic, and for these last two hundred kilometres it gives the rail a line to follow, to Nantes and St. Nazaire and the sea.

Our line cut straight across through Berri, crossing little rivers whose names come into Balzac and Georges Sand, the Beuvron and the Sauldre, until at Vierzon we picked up our guide, one of the Loire's chief tributaries, the Cher.

As a matter of fact, we should have done better to take the line farther east which passes through Nevers and then follows the Allier to Clermont-Ferrand—a journey of less than five hours; and from Clermont a motor-bus would have brought us to Mont Dore by the most scenic entrance, over the gorge above the Lac de Guéry. Our journey was eight hours by train; still, it showed a great deal of the

Cher which, like everybody else, I knew where it joins the Loire at Tours, and where the Château of Chenonceaux spans its width with a marvellous gallery. But it had never occurred to me to think of either Loire or Cher as salmon rivers. Yet there is said to be good salmon fishing in the Haute-Loire—five hundred miles from the sea; and an angler in Touraine told me that he had killed seven in one day on the Allier. Alas! he added that this was a glory of the past; the Allier has been dammed for electric power and the fish are cut off from their spawning grounds; and doubtless the same is true of the Cher, which in the gorges of its upper course was most tempting to a salmon fisher with its succession of swirling streams and long reaches. Still, even an angler must recognise one compensation; railway travel through all this region is free from smoke and smuts; the lines from Paris to the south are run by electric power, provided in summer by the melting snows of Alps and Pyrenees, in winter and spring by the impetuous flow of rivers like the Allier.

I suppose that the same has happened to the Dordogne, the river in which I took most interest; but the *Rôtisserie Périgourdine* was still offering *saumon de la Dordogne aux truffes*. I was not indeed expecting salmon away up in Auvergne, but the Dordogne is Mont Dore's river and I knew it where it passes the vineyards of St. Emilion near Bordeaux—a stream big as the Thames at Richmond but much stronger in its flow.

Alas, what I caught sight of when we reached the valley of Mont Dore was a sort of Highland burn—though with water of a greyish white instead of the peaty brown. Doubtless there were trout in the little pools where it plunges over rocks; but doubtless also the way to get them would be with a worm fished upstream and I was too lazy

for that venture. Flies made no appeal to them, nor did a tiny minnow which I saw a Frenchman fishing very expertly. But there were plenty of other attractions in that valley and its surrounding mountains, on whose grassy slopes great spikes and crags of basalt make a startling contrast. My companion, doing the cure, was not in trim for much walking; but a little funicular took us up some seven or eight hundred feet, and then began the hunt. Never did I see such a country for wild flowers. The purple pansies were as big as the ordinary *viola cornuta* and far more vivid in colour. Everything was vivid—most of all perhaps the carmine-coloured pinks, which were everywhere scentless, while their paler, more delicately tinted cousins were deliciously fragrant. But the special glory was when we found gentians, for they were not yet fully out. These were not the *acaulis* familiar in gardens, and to say truth, not so good a blue—nor comparable to that tiny marvel of blueness, *gentiana verna*. The bell rose upright, and was slightly brown on the outside. But on one hill-top they stood in companies of eight or ten together—and near by I saw a rock covered over with growth of harebell (Scotland's bluebell), which, in Auvergne, grows so strong and stiff that it will last a week in water. We needed to buy no flowers for our rooms in Mont Dore. I think perhaps the most charming surprise to me was when I reconnoitred for passage round a little swamp and came suddenly on a corner full of Grass of Parnassus. It was long since I had seen those delicate white blossoms. A little farther on I met a clump of monkshood growing near some stones, and this flower, like all others, had an intensity and life in its colour that certainly it does not possess in the ordinary herbaceous border.

I did not meet it elsewhere till a young lady of nine

joined us, who had never before seen a mountain ; so she was taken from the funicular up to the Puy du Capucin—which certainly presents a fiercely mountainous appearance with the steep pinnacles that rise off its craggy side. There is, of course, an easy way round, but the zeal of this new mountaineer was such that I took her up scrambling over rocks ; and before we reached the top, I caught sight of monkshood in quantities on the steep face which at this point overhung a little. We went on to the top, proud to be higher than Ben Nevis or Snowden, and then as we came down I noticed that the overhanging face could be easily circumvented, and my young lady was eager for the experiment. Fortunately almost everything that grows on these hills which is not grass is bilberry, the best of hand-holds, so having explored, I let the child come after me—to the scandal of many road-abiding people who were going up the path. She returned in triumph to her guardian with her armful of blue flowers—all the more triumphant because the guardian does not like cliff edges.

Bilberries this year had little fruit, the wild raspberries practically none ; but most seasons one should be able to live on them there : and there were enough wood strawberries to tantalise us. I never saw a mountain country that tempted me more for walking. Very little heather, but pasture right up to the tops—not coarse, like the bent on the border fells, but such as I remember in the Lake Country. Why they do not run sheep on it puzzles me ; but it is all grazed by cattle. These 'outby' holdings, as the Border would call them, have their sheds, sheilings or byres (the local word *buron* must surely be some kin to 'byre'), and here the cows come in at milking time. We learnt a good deal about this way of life one day when we had walked up the valley, and a storm threatened. An

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old man to whose amiable donkey we had been paying attention offered us the hospitality of his byre and for a matter of two hours we needed it. The Auvergnats have a name for churlishness, but no Scotch or Irish countryman could have been more welcoming than this one; and though his face was disfigured he had pleasant twinkling eyes and spoke French with surprisingly little touch of local accent. Like every other French employer, he had much to say about the exactions of labour. Still, in the days when he himself had been a *valet de ferme*, life had been a real slavery, and he used often to steal raw carrots to keep body and soul together. But like other wise men, he considered that there should be moderation in all things and was angry because the men on his inby farm, down the valley, were not doing all they might to get the hay cut. They had not the pride in their job. However, to do him justice he was much more eager to talk about the four little calves in his *buron* and to explain why his cows had no litter for the nights—they gave less milk when they lay down; and still more anxious to expatiate on his dog Barbet, temporarily an invalid. Barbet was too 'hard' a dog, inclined to bite the cows as he rounded them up, and so was generally worked in a muzzle; while so disabled, he had met an enemy and come by a bitten leg. He was a *chien loup*, by descent, but his ears were not pricked as an Alsatian's should be, because the cat, deprived of her own infants, had suckled him when he was a pup, and so gave him *l'oreille basse*. I must say this for Barbet's intelligence—that two or three days later when we met him and his master again, the man, being almost blind, did not recognise us, but Barbet abstained from all the fierce demonstrations that he had made at our first encounter. We brought away a pleasant memory of that *buron*. Moreover, at both the hotels where we stayed,

Auvergnat domestics were as obliging as any that we ever met in France, or out of it.

That region is well fitted to be the nurse of rivers, for even the steepest slopes have surprising little patches of swamp on them, from springs. If I had climbed the Pic du Sancy I should have seen the Dordogne running from its western flank and picking up new streamlets every five hundred yards, all of which must go out by Bordeaux; while from the other side waters would be heading to join the Loire, and somehow or other make their way to Nantes. But without climbing one reached that other watershed by crossing the Col Morand on the way to Clermont-Ferrand; an hour's drive took you from fields where hay was not yet cut to others where corn was not only stacked but carried; and then the vine began to appear. Somewhere near Clermont a wine called Chantourgue is made which has local repute; though I preferred a Corent Rosé from the slopes about Royat—singularly pleasant on a hot day. Chantourgue is heavy, like some of the Italian wines, especially those from soil of the same volcanic character. At Issoire, where we stayed a night before the next stage in our excursion, there was another local *crû*, not so likeable, but having its own distinctive character.

The drive to Issoire, over the Col Morand and by the Lac de Chambon, left us with a final supreme impression of that country's beauty. Sun was low across the landscape and brought into bold relief all its amazing range of contours, between which all was luminous blue haze. And when we reached the little old town, moon was in the sky, and in that blending of lights the great mass of Issoire's church loomed up in rich beauty. Enough daylight was left to bring out the ochre tints of its stone work, and the ring of chapels whose columns clustered against the fine half-circle

of its Romanesque basilica had that satisfying strength which belongs to the rounded arch. We went in by the west porch which, as usual in Auvergne, was almost bare of ornament, and found inside no light but what came from a few votive candles in the chapels of the choir. Yet it was enough to reveal the proportions of that vast building—it seemed as long as Vézelay—and the arched gloom of choir and transept had a mysterious beauty. Perhaps fuller light might not have conveyed so well the dignity of that nobly proportioned vaulting.

It was not too easy a journey from Issoire to Millau and the Gorges of the Tarn. But I could realise that we were still in the valley of the Allier, and for that matter in the department of Haute-Loire, till we reached Brioude and struck west for St. Flour—crossing, I suppose, the skirts of Monts de la Margéride. The Gévaudan was to the south of us, and I gather from Abel Chevalley's curious reconstruction of what is known about its mysterious *Bête* that to people of the Gévaudan, Auvergnats were outlanders. At St. Flour we reached the Fougère, across which the *Bête* was hunted a score of times, and in whose valley it destroyed more than a score of human beings. We crossed its deep gorge at Garabit by one of the longest and highest viaducts in Europe: a fellow-traveller told us that Eiffel, of the tower, had been its architect.

One thing was plain: from St. Flour onwards we were in the South—a sun-scorched country, far removed from the greenness of all about Mont Dore. St. Flour itself, in a ring fence of walls, was an attractive-looking little town: beyond that we had on our left high featureless hills, the Monts de la Margéride, all about which is the Gévaudan. But about Marvéjols (even the names here take on a new character) a new strange country came into sight, yellowish

soil of which we saw a high escarpment leading to edges of the plateau that is called here the *Causses*; and every here and there *frontons* of yellow rock, sculptured by wind and weather, stood out so boldly that it was hard to distinguish them from buildings. Our fellow-traveller explained that they were full of caverns, show-places; but the most important of all was, he said, at Roquefort. To it all the cheeses made from the milk of sheep that graze on the *causses* were brought for the final transformation that gives Roquefort its special character. A ferment is set up introducing mildewed bread (*la moisissure de pain*); but it is only in the atmosphere of these caverns that the result can be obtained. All attempts to produce Roquefort elsewhere have failed, he told us.—Roquefort in that country is almost as soft as cream cheese and with less sharpness in the taste than elsewhere: a very delicious product.

From Millau, sooner than wait for an autocar connection, we took a taxi to the Château de la Caze, in the very heart of the Tarn gorges—something over an hour's drive. Our road passed under one landmark that had fascinated me from the train—a hill crowned apparently with a huge fortress from which one column rose. But it was merely a freak of nature which local piety had sought to turn into a place of pilgrimage by erecting a great image of the Virgin there. Either piety or money ran out and only the pedestal is completed.

Beyond this we entered the Gorges proper, a winding canyon, with cliffs in some places a thousand feet high. The road is skilfully engineered at no great height above the river; in some places tunnels are driven through the rock, in others a terrace is formed with shelving overhang. And everywhere from the cliff-sides there stand out pillars, crags and rock-masses of every fantastic shape. It defies

description. Yet for me the scene lacked its central inspiration ; for I had conceived of the Tarn as a most violent torrent, and there it was, that hot August afternoon, barely able to fill its banks : in many places fordable little more than ankle deep. Well enough I knew that trout would not rise in so lifeless a water and another of my hopes was dashed. Still when we got to the *château*—an authentic fortress of the fourteenth century which has been gradually adapted to modern habitation and is now open as a guest house—my first thought was to try my luck in the half-hour available before dinner.

Just above the *château* was a long pool which in May or June should be perfect for fishing, but now had scarcely a current in it. Still, the sun was long off the water, and I saw a trout begin an evening rise under the far bank. It was a long way across and as I tried to reach him, and thought to myself that one should always have waders on that river, I was aware of steps on the gravel ; and there were Adam and Eve with a fishing-rod between them. They wore, indeed, the evolved type of fig-leaf usual at every *plage*, but they had not acquired the colouring which in sun bathers, as presumably in our first parents, modifies the impression of nudity. However, with perfectly well-bred voices and not the least self-conscious, they said that they hoped I should not mind being watched. Eve, it appeared, was under instruction in the art of casting and Adam had noticed me trying to throw a long line. I wish that my performance had justified the compliment implied by catching that trout ; but my onlookers who could see the fish in the water said that he seemed to take no interest in my fly. I cannot flatter myself that it was even moderately well presented ; but at least I know now how to solve the problem of waders if ever I go again to

fish the Tarn. There was agreement that from June onwards fishing there is chiefly and most suitably done with nets. Yet I think that even in August something might be made of the evening rise.

But we did not stay long enough to try that out. When we dined that night on a terrace overlooking the water, I think that the river's languid flow accounted for the sense of confinement, almost of imprisonment, which beset us in that narrow passage at the turn of a corridor with monstrous and threatening walls.

So, giving up our plan of staying there to explore, we decided to get our small baggage sent on by the bus that would pass in the afternoon and meet us at the Cirque des Baumes—the lower end of the boat excursion. But the upper end was at La Malène, five kilometres from our *château*; and foolishly I took my companions' word for it that five kilometres was nothing to them.

The sun blazed full, even by ten o'clock, on that terraced roadway and trees were few along it; but I soon discovered that a path led along the river, and once down there, it was another story among the willows and tall spiky poplars. I never saw so clear a water and in its clearness I saw trout; the child bathed rapturously while I fished down a long shallow stream and then the deep pool under a cliff into which it swirled beautifully. That pool was fifteen or twenty feet deep at least and probably a good deal more: low water or high water, that beautiful river must be dangerous. It was pleasant to make acquaintance with it by putting a fly down—but quite unprofitable: and we had to be getting on. Unhappily after half a mile the track ended, we were forced to scramble back on the road, and then began a pilgrimage of pain. The glare on that asphalt was terrific and heat assaulted us in waves from the

cliff on our right. But at last we reached Malène, and there a serviceable innkeeper got us drinks in the shade outside, and presently a large and most excellent lunch in a cool dining-room. For my taste, the Grand Hotel at La Malène would be a better place to stay for fishing and exploration than the historic *château*. The Gorge opens out somewhat, and on the left bank opposite, a road comes down from the *causses* to the bridge; probably the village is several hundred years older than the *château*.

By two o'clock our boatmen were ready and a French traveller asked leave to take passage with us. The boat is a punt, much narrower than those of the Thames but very like what anglers know on the Shannon or Blackwater; only the Irish cots are worked by one man with a paddle and another with a pole; on the Tarn both had the *perche*. Seats were put across the cot; aft of them the men piled in the cycles which they would use to come back, and we shoved into a swift shallow. Presently we met other cots that had made the excursion coming back, towed up in a string behind a big mule that splashed through the fords from one gravel bank to the next. But in high water this is not possible: you come down in three-quarters of an hour and it is nearly four hours' work to pole up again.

If it was only for the beauty of that blue-green translucent water, changed into a hundred shades by swirls and currents or by shadow of the bank, that excursion would be richly worth making; but such setting for beautiful water I never dreamed of. Cliffs rising a thousand feet from the Atlantic in Donegal or Achill are impressive enough, but not in the same way as these sheer precipices, nor are they cut into such fantastic forms. There are giant needles, giant thimbles, giant mushrooms and there is the lady with the parasol and there is the group of hooded monks;

and all these our guide scrupulously pointed out. But it was a deal more interesting to watch the skill with which he manœuvred the cot past corners where a sharp stream swung it right in against the rock and then did its best to upset us with the back eddy. And at the narrowest place of all, where the river has only the length of a fishing-rod between two cliffs so undercut that one knew the opening is still narrower, I could see greenery of ferns that might have grown in Killarney—extraordinarily unlike all the sun-scorched vegetation of all else in that valley.

The vine is everywhere, rooted on crumbling slopes on little terraces ; and when I asked about vintages, I learnt that good years elsewhere are bad years there ; what they want is moisture, what they do not want is too much sun. Certainly there was nothing more enjoyable in our six weeks of travel than that hour and a quarter of being poled down the Tarn ; and a sympathetic fellow-traveller made the journey even pleasanter. We were sorry to part from him at the Cirque des Baumes—though like any other thoughtful Frenchman at present, he was desperately uneasy about the future of France.

The autocar whirled us back to Millau showing us different aspects of the same amazing gorge. At one point below the Cirque the river-bed is blocked up with boulders through which in low water it makes its way quietly ; but what a turmoil there must be there in time of flood ! For some reason we turned off the main road to Peyreleau, where a considerable tributary, the Jonthe, is crossed by a bridge built very long before motor-buses were thought of—built, in fact, for traffic by pack mules ; and there was much difference of opinion here as to who should give way.

In Millau, which is a good-sized town, we decided for the Hôtel de Commerce, where there was an inner courtyard

with little trees growing and at the centre of it a large fountain springing out of a marble basin in the shape of a four-leaved shamrock. I suppose that basin was seven feet across and all the water in it was filled with a crawling mass of crayfish—at the very least a couple of thousand of the creatures. It was explained that in the season of the manceuvres, crayfish are served at every meal—and as the dining-room would hold seventy or eighty guests, provision had to be ample. It certainly was. The Midi is greedy for this delicacy, though they do not bestow the same research on its preparation as the folk in Bresse and Bugey: and they had them on the table at Malène. I told our fellow-passenger in the boat that we had crayfish in England and in Ireland but seldom troubled to catch or cook them. 'Mais c'est un crime,' said he.

'A fool does be lucky,' is the Irish saying, and I was rewarded for making a mistake about our train from Millau eastwards by finding that there was an easy journey by autobus to Montpellier. This was not one of the subsidiary services which the P.L.M. provide, but a private and highly unofficial venture. 'When do we arrive at Montpellier?' somebody asked as the big car continued to stand in the *place* at Millau. 'How should I know when the bus will arrive when I do not know when it will start?' the driver answered her. But we got away, headed up the Tarn again as far as Peyreleau and then followed the valley of the Jonthe, which in any other part would be taken for a most remarkable ravine. As the road climbed zig-zagging up, we got our first view of the *causses*—skirting the great Causse Méjean which lies between Florac and the Tarn's gorges. Except the Burren country in Clare I never saw anything so stony; but Atlantic air brings moisture to all the delicate greenery that sprouts between

clefts of the limestone in Burren : here all seemed baked to a greyness ; the scrubby bushes might be good goat foddering, but a sheep cannot find much nourishment in an acre of that savage upland. Then we left the gorge and actually saw straight road stretches before we reached a col and found water running from us instead of towards. It was as much as two feet wide but was marked *Pêche Réservee*—probably a happy hunting-ground for *écrevisses*. But as we swept down rapidly by great curves, there was another large valley below us—the valley of the Hérault, which gives its name to the department we had now reached. We were now on a Mediterranean watershed, and once we reached cultivable ground, olive trees everywhere were a new feature in the landscape. They were planted sometimes in rows through the vineyards, sometimes along the edges ; but every other inch of soil that could hold vines held them. Up at the top of the gorge, there was a curious reminder of Connemara : fields were divided from each other by loosely piled stones, accumulated in the process of clearing the soil. But in Connemara a stone wall is a thing you can see through and is easily knocked down or built up : these were walls piled ten or fifteen feet wide at the base, making fine shelter belts against the winds that must rage up and down that gap in the hills.

Everywhere here, and indeed everywhere in the Midi, the vine is left much to its own devices, not trained and tutored as is done for the *grands crus* of Bordeaux or Burgundy ; and the less careful method gains in picturesqueness. But of course the grape grows so easily here that people cultivate it for quantity rather than for quality ; this one department of the Hérault, whose name few in England know, produces more wine than all Bordeaux and Burgundy put together, yet produces nothing of choice repute. At the

brasserie where we ate at Montpellier a notice stated that all the wines served there *en carafe* came from a certain *domaine* which no doubt has a local reputation. But they were all made by mass production and not made with a thought of slow-maturing excellence.

Leaving the valley of the Hérault, which flows out a little west of Cette, we crossed some high ground before approaching Montpellier, peat and heather were about us, and it was odd to see vines growing close up against a patch of bare black turf: farther on, another group of them was tucked into a nook of the hill, just as a potato patch would be in Connemara—and sheltered in the same way by stone walls.

I am all for this way of travel by autobus; it is cheap, any amount of luggage can be carried on top, and one sees not only more of the country but of the people, with the comings and goings at the frequent stops. We were not anywhere crowded, and open windows made it much cooler than railway travel. Besides, the roads in the low country here have great beauty with the great lines of plane and elm that lead into and out of the various villages; sometimes there would be a colonnade of trunks a full mile long stretching ahead of us. That is why we decided to make our next stage from Montpellier to Avignon by the same method—though indeed it involved a change of car at Nîmes. But this is all country that everybody knows—though I for my own part did not know what an impressive town Tarascon was going to be: Tartarin had something to boast of. Still I suppose that the real underlying moral of Daudet's story is that even if the Midi piles it on somewhat, it really does produce extraordinary things and extraordinary men.

And what a river it has! After we had seen the Rhône

that even after the drouth of summer swirled fiercely past the piers of the old bridge at Avignon, Tartarin would have had a right to say, What is the sense of writing about other rivers ?

Still, for my own part, I like them of a more approachable size than either Rhône or Loire or Seine. And I like them to hold salmon. If it were only for that, my allegiance goes to those that flow into the Atlantic : and perhaps, for choice, to those that issue at Bordeaux rather than even to the Loire's noblest tributaries.

CAIN.

*Possibly he is asleep,—
And yet he is too still for that ;
Too rigid ; and his freckled hand
Lies too straight along the sand ;
And the face I'm gazing at
Is too pale. If I could weep,
(But useless tears cannot atone)
I might have ease. How I regret,
Alas ! too late, the silly spite,
The petty pricks that caused the fight.
.
.
.
His hair above his brow is wet,
And I am terribly alone.*

DERIC HARRIS.

'A PURITANE ONE.'

BY ROBERT H. HILL.

THERE is a jesting rhyme that has survived through more than three centuries, and is familiar still :

' To Banbury came I, O profane one,
And there I met a puritane one,
A'hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.'

The lines are better remembered than the name of Richard Brathwaite, who wrote them, and they have outlived all the grave books at which Brathwaite laboured. When, for example, he wrote the book called *The English Gentleman* he set out to give improving advice to his fellow men in the ordering of their daily lives, but time has jested with the sober moralist and has spared from oblivion only his little joke at the expense of the sectaries. *The English Gentleman* was only one among many such books in that age, all stuffed with rules of conduct and moral precepts ; they were widely read in their day, and are now as utterly forgotten as if they had never been. Nevertheless, there are curious passages in Brathwaite's book and in its sequel, *The English Gentlewoman*, which seem to me to justify its brief resurrection out of the dust and neglect of the ages.

It is quite impossible to read far in *The English Gentleman* without realising that the writer of it was deeply fascinated by the stage. Here was a man whose imagination had been caught by the theatre and, because his mind had a philosophic bent, he tended to see his fellow men and women as actors in a greater drama than any he had witnessed at

the Blackfriars theatre. For him there was always the stage of earth as well as the stage of the Globe. The idea that 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players' gave its own colour to his thoughts, and the metaphors of the theatre were woven into all his work. He loved to coin such phrases as 'this theatre of earth,' 'the stage of our State,' and such words as 'act,' 'scene,' 'tragedy,' 'comedy,' 'tiring-house,' 'spectator,' are scattered thickly through his pages.

This sense of life as a vast stage-play could be drawn upon to give point to all his grave precepts and solemn admonitions, and he found that it served him equally well for every occasion. Rebuking the society women of his time for spending whole mornings about their toilet, he tells them: 'Think how this world is your stage, your life an act. The tiring-house where you bestowed such care, cost and curiosity must be shut up when your night approacheth.' His exhortations to prayer are dug out of the same metaphorical seam: 'Make your chamber your private theatre, wherein you may act some devout scene to God's honour.' Brathwaite's perfect gentleman is one who 'hath played his part on this stage of earth with honour, and now in his exit makes heaven his harbour,' while backsliders are warned that 'most part of all our spectators' eyes are fixed on you, whose censure will prove as quick-sighted as your error, accounting you unworthy those brave parts bestowed on you, because misacted by you.' When he deems it desirable to emphasise the importance of the different social classes keeping their own stations, it is, as usual, the theatre which provides the illustration:

'In any theatral [*sic*] presentment, what becomes a peer or potentate would not sort with the condition of any inferior substitute; every one must be suited to the person

he presents. So in the theatre of State, distinct fashions both in habit and complement (manners) are to be retained, according to the place wherein he is ranked.'

It would be easy to quote many more examples of these stage metaphors, but the foregoing ones should be enough to show clearly the direction in which Richard Brathwaite's imagination was prone to run. Now it is due to just this predominant interest in the stage that *The English Gentleman* still has its rewards for those who will be at the pains to read it. For this it must be studied, if it is studied at all, rather than for the purpose that its author had in mind. Probably none of us would be any better citizens after plodding through these five hundred folio pages of earnest advice, as heavy with classical and scriptural quotation and allusion as apple-trees with fruit in autumn. Yet one would guess that a man so touched with the glamour of the stage as Brathwaite clearly was could hardly help giving us some light on the theatre of his time, incidentally and almost in spite of himself. So, in fact, it is. An odd page or two, a sentence, a phrase here and there, tell us something of the theatre of Shakespeare's days, of the habits of the theatre-going public, and of the attitude of that other public which turned away from the theatre with horror and disgust.

Brathwaite was in something of a dilemma. Being the man he was, and living when he did (he was born about 1588), he was prevented from giving free rein to that instinct for the theatre which he so evidently possessed. The man who could pen the Banbury quatrain was no sectary, but Brathwaite was strongly religious, and in the early seventeenth century religion—not, it is true, without some good grounds—looked upon the stage with no tolerant eye. Thomas Taylor, of Reading, was expressing

the view of a large and growing number of people when he spoke of 'dice, condemned by the law of the land, and cards, and lascivious dancing, plays, interludes, and all merriments, wherein is no praise, virtue, or good report.' William Prynne asked in his *Histriomastix*, 'Who can be so grossly stupid as to think to learn any grace or virtue from a play-house?' and although Prynne lost his ears for that book of furious attack on the stage, he had expressed the views of thousands of his fellow countrymen. Brathwaite, with enough of the Puritan in him to keep his enthusiasm for the stage-plays rather severely in check, made the best compromise that he could. He exhorted women to have nothing to do with the theatre and put on record his view that it was 'a custom very irregular and undecent that women should frequent places of public resort, as stage-plays, wakes, solemn feasts, and the like.' As for the men, he condemned those who made it their habit to attend the theatres constantly, but thought that, used moderately, the playhouses were 'not altogether to be disallowed.' Having done so much, he seems to have felt himself free to turn round and defend the stage, point by point, against its critics.

According to our author, the Puritan case against the theatres contained seven points, most of them being based on some text of Scripture. The one reason which appeals to most people to-day as a sound argument for avoiding the theatres of that time, namely, that they were notorious places of immorality and frequented by the worst elements of the London population, is noticeably absent from the indictment. The first objection put forward was that it was improper for boys to wear women's clothes on the stage, to which Brathwaite answered that the case had been submitted to the judgment of the learned Theodore Beza,

one of the reformers, and that he had laid it down that the performance of women's parts by boys was not unlawful. In the second place, the Puritans quoted the text, 'Turn away mine eyes, that I see no vanity.' Brathwaite retorted that vanities were things vain, light, foolish, frivolous and fruitless, and pointed out that in that sense 'our stage-plays may in no sort be termed vanity.'

'Woe unto those that laugh now,' quoted the enemies of the stage, and Brathwaite capped the quotation with the text from Ecclesiastes, 'There is nothing better than for man to rejoice in his works'; he argued that it was not all merriment, but only immoderate laughter, that the Scriptures condemned. The Puritans fell back on their fourth text: 'I say unto you that for every idle word, etc.,' and Brathwaite told them that the expression referred to 'lies, calumnies, all inordinate and ridiculous speeches,' and could not reasonably be stretched to mean the condemnation of all plays. So the battle went on, and the Scriptural texts were bandied to and fro; it would be tedious to follow its whole course.

There was one final objection that was made against the writers of plays by those whom Brathwaite calls 'our stage-stingers and poet-scourgers,' and it was of a rather different character from the others. The criticism was that the dramatists laid aspersions on men of eminent quality and would spare none if they could make profit out of their attacks. With this criticism Brathwaite found himself completely in sympathy, and he said that such writers deserved to be whipped for their pains because, 'to use the words of one who was once an eminent statist, "some things are privileged from jest, namely, religion, matters of State, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity."' In making this

quotation from Bacon's *Essays*, Brathwaite seems almost to have gone out of his way to avoid referring more definitely to the author. 'One who was once an eminent statist' appears to be a somewhat curious way of referring to the greatly renowned writer who had only been a year or two in his grave when Brathwaite wrote. Elsewhere our author makes a quotation from one whom he calls 'that witty Centurist,' apparently referring to Owen Feltham, whose *Century of Resolves* came out in 1620. Although these essays were much read and admired, Feltham's style was far inferior to that of Lord Bacon, whom he imitated. His own age cannot have been unconscious of the difference between the two volumes of essays, and yet Brathwaite's manner of referring to the two writers leaves the impression that it was Feltham whom everybody knew and read, while Bacon appears as some politician of the more or less distant past who, either in speech or writing, had happened to throw out a pregnant sentence. In the six or seven years between Bacon's political downfall and the time when Richard Brathwaite wrote his book there had appeared from the fallen Lord Chancellor's pen such works as *Henry VII*, *Silva Silvarum*, and the *New Atlantis*, but Brathwaite's almost slighting phrase hints that perhaps the shadow of the political disgrace had hung over Bacon to the end, and even afterwards. For all that he had written, Bacon remained merely one who *was once* an eminent statist.

When our author alluded to the works of his contemporaries he rarely acknowledged them, even so indirectly as he did in the case of Bacon and of Owen Feltham. That is so much the worse for the modern reader of *The English Gentleman*, who must inevitably lose the point of many of the allusions in consequence. The reason for this silence was perhaps to be found in Brathwaite's reluctance to load

his volume with marginal notes ; he was by no means the only author of his time who went out of his way to explain, with evident pride in his own restraint, that he had tried to leave his margin as blank as possible, so that his readers' pens might wander there as they would. He puts it thus :

'For the margin, I have not charged it with many notes, lest you should neglect the garment by being taken too much with the border. Improve it to your best profit, and let God have the glory of it.' Many readers' marginal scribbings, in that age or any other, were not calculated to add much to the glory either of God or of themselves.

The few allusions to Shakespeare's writings which are scattered here and there throughout the book make it plain not merely that Braithwaite himself knew the plays, but that he thought it safe to assume that all his readers knew them also. It is more than likely that one so enamoured of the theatre as Braithwaite was had seen some of the plays acted at the London theatres in Shakespeare's lifetime. Nevertheless, his first reference to a work of Shakespeare's is a disparaging one and it concerns, not a play, but the poem *Venus and Adonis*. He doubtless admired Shakespeare as a dramatist, but he had no admiration for the writer of a 'lascivious book,' and he wrote :

'Much more blessed were the State if restraint were made of composing or publishing such subjects, where every leaf instructs youth in a new lesson of folly. . . . When the sex where modesty should claim a native prerogative gives way to foment of exposed looseness, by not only attending to the wanton discourse of immodest lovers, but carrying about them (even in their naked bosoms, where chastest desires should only lodge) the amorous toys of *Venus and Adonis* ; which poem, with others of like nature, they hear with such attention, peruse with such devotion, and retain with such delectation, as no subject can equally relish their

unseasoned palates like those lighter discourses. Yea, (which hath struck me to more admiration) I have known divers whose unriper years half assured me that their green youth had never instructed them in the knowledge nor brought them to conceit of such vanities, excellently well read in those immodest measures; yea, and prompt enough to show proofs of their reading in public places.'

Later, again, he exhorted his women readers that '*Venus and Adonis* are unfitting consorts for a lady's bosom. Remove them timely from you, if they ever had entertainment by you, lest, like the snake in the grass, they annoy you.'

Shakespeare's poem was thus picked out, by one who was far from being numbered among the strict Puritans, as an outstanding example of the indecent literature of the age; he would have punished the Bard of Avon not only for publishing, but apparently also for writing and privately circulating the poem. Incidentally, Brathwaite makes it clear that Shakespeare's work was widely read, and quoted and discussed, by the younger generation of the time. His words raise a question in the minds of those who read them to-day: if the *Venus and Adonis* enjoyed such a wide popularity as he implies, and if nearly every young woman in society found it fashionable to carry about with her a copy of her own, what has befallen all those early editions of the poem? We should have expected many early copies of a book that was so widely read to have survived the ravages of the centuries, and yet they are to-day excessively rare. Assuming that Brathwaite did not exaggerate, how is it possible to account for such a general disappearance, unless there was possibly some systematic destruction of the book under the Puritan rule? So far as I am aware, no hint of such a destruction has come down to us.

If our author's sense of propriety was shocked by *Venus*

and *Adonis*, he says nothing to suggest that he did not admire the rest of Shakespeare's work. An allusion, a phrase here and there, give a hint that he had studied the plays attentively. We might reasonably have expected this man, keenly interested in the stage and familiar with the work of his age's greatest dramatist—possibly even with the dramatist himself—to tell us something at least of how Shakespeare and his work impressed his contemporaries. He tells us almost nothing. Sometimes, indeed, he only succeeds in adding to the obscurity which seems to cling round every early reference to Shakespeare. It is as if a spell were laid upon the writers of that time, forbidding them to tell a plain tale and leading their enchanted pens away into a labyrinth of ambiguities, veiled hints, and sheer unintelligibility. Take, as one example of this strange obscurity, the lines written to Shakespeare by John Davies, of Hereford :

*'Some say (good Will) which I, in sport, do sing,
Had'st thou not plaid some kingly parts in sport,
Thou hadst bin a companion for a King;
And, beene a king among the meaner sort.
Some others raile; but, raile as they thinke fit,
Thou hast no rayling, but, a raigning Wit:
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reape,
So, to increase their Stocke, which they do keepe.'*

That must have meant something to the man who wrote it; presumably it also meant something to his readers. Nobody pretends to know what it means to-day.

To return to Richard Brathwaite, the first suggestion that he had seen or read a Shakespearean play comes with his use of the word 'Timonist' to describe those disgruntled ones who are on bad terms with the world and who find little to please them anywhere in it. He rather emphasises

the word, as if it were one that he had coined for himself, and I have not met with it elsewhere. He preaches to his readers that they should be 'neither Timists nor Timonists, fawners nor frowners,' and talks of 'these censorious Timonists, whose poor degenerate spirits are ever delighted most in detracting from women, or aspersing some unworthy disgrace upon their sex.' The manner of the references gives the impression that *Timon of Athens* was a play well known to English ladies and gentlemen at the time. Here and there, the reader is struck by a verbal parallel with Shakespeare that seems to be something more than accidental. Take, for instance, this phrase :

'Youth, swimming ever with bladders of vain glory.'

The metaphor may have been Brathwaite's own, but it brings to mind immediately the words of Wolsey in *Henry VIII* :

'I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory——'

Again, when Brathwaite asks, 'Who for tongue more powerfully persuasive than Mark Antony?' we may suppose that his thoughts were dwelling on the funeral oration in *Julius Cæsar*, since there is nothing in Plutarch to warrant such a sweeping tribute to Antony's powers of oratory. Brathwaite refers to Antony just afterwards as 'that mirror of men,' and in *Antony and Cleopatra* Mæcenus calls Antony a 'spacious mirror' in whom Cæsar must needs see himself. Our author's exclamation, 'How like Colosso's others walk, which discovers their haughtiness!' might appear to spring from a conscious or unconscious memory of Cassius's 'He doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus.' However that may be, there seems to be an unmistakable

allusion to Shakespeare's work in Brathwaite's condemnation of those whom he calls Timonists, of whom he says that 'their whole life (is) a Comedy of errors.'

There was a popular story at that time, which Brathwaite has preserved, about a woman in whom love of the theatre amounted to a passion. She was, he says,

'a gentlewoman of our own nation, who so daily bestowed the expense of her best hours upon the stage as, being surprised by sickness, even unto death, she became so deaf to such as admonished her of her end as when her physician was to administer a receipt unto her, which he had prepared to allay the extremity of that agonising fit wherewith she was then assailed, putting aside the receipt with her hand as if she rejected it, in the very height and heat of her distemper, with an active resolution used these words unto her doctor: "Thanks, good Horatio, take it for thy pains." So inapprehensive was she of death at her end because she never meditated of death before her end.'

'Thanks, good Horatio, take it for thy pains!' At first sight it looks like a quotation from *Hamlet*, but there is no such line in the play. *Hamlet*, however, was not the only play of that age which included a character named Horatio, and the words may have referred to Don Horatio in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, or to some other. Whatever play it came from, the line was obviously very well known; Brathwaite quotes it without troubling himself to give the smallest explanation, and takes it for granted that his readers will understand and appreciate the allusion. The story hardly rings true; a dying woman would not, in the seventeenth century any more than now, tell her doctor to drink his own physic for the sake of making an indifferent pun on the word 'pains.' It is more likely to have originated as a tavern jest, perhaps in some inn where actors congregated, but Brathwaite found in it an opportunity of warning

a public which was thoroughly familiar with the plays of the age against yielding too much to the fascination of this still novel and exciting form of entertainment.

Although it is so rare to find any writer in the early seventeenth century actually quoting lines from a play, yet it seems probable that quotations from the tragedies and comedies of the time were used in ordinary conversation among educated people to a much greater extent than they are now. It may be that the theatre, although many eschewed it altogether, entered more largely into the life of the people than it does to-day; it is possible that, even if the groundlings went there for nothing but the clowning and the scenes of bloodshed, the rest of the audience brought to the theatre a graver and a more attentive spirit than does the theatre-going public of our days, which often forgets all about a play in less time than it takes to sit through it. Not only the agents of the 'pirate' printers committed to memory the lines they heard on the stage, but it must have been quite a common practice for ordinary members of the audience to carry home long passages in their minds, for the sake of quoting them to their friends. How else could Thomas Taylor—to refer again to the Puritan preacher of Reading—when lamenting over the inattentiveness of his congregation, have said:

'Thy memory is sure enough at a play. In any worldly matter thou canst carry away and repeat long discourses from point to point; only here (in church) is a short memory, because of short affection.'

Obviously, it was not necessary to be a playgoer in order to be familiar with the plays of the day, and while Brathwaite was never tired of condemning the society women who spent all their mornings in the boudoir, afternoons in a playhouse, and evenings at public banquets, he had no

complaint to make of women who enjoyed *reading* plays. Indeed, he suggests that there were women in his day who were not only readers and critics, but even improvers of plays. There were many clever women, he said, who 'have the happiness to judge of a well-composed line, to breathe spirit in invention, to correct the indisposure of a scene, to collect probably (a work which I must confess of greatest difficulty) what may best comply with the humour of the time, or suit best with the propriety of court masque or public stage.' One would like to know more of these nameless women of letters in the age of Shakespeare, who could correct the indisposure of a scene and could touch up a promising play in such a way as to make it a success at court or in the public theatre.

In laying down his endless precepts for the women of three hundred years ago, and in rebuking them for their shortcomings and frivolities, the writer of *The English Gentlewoman* contrives to tell us, their remote descendants, many things about them that we are grateful to him for recording. Among them there were not only clever women who could take up their quills to improve and enliven a scene in a play or court masque, but also adventurous spirits who could challenge men in what was even more completely a masculine preserve. The Violas and Rosalinds were not all on the stage. There was a woman, whom Brathwaite had often encountered in the London streets, who habitually wore the clothes of a man, and he does not record that the authorities ever interfered with her for doing it. She frequented places where the Londoners congregated, and talked imperiously on every topic that came under discussion; she was quick-tempered, and involved in every quarrel that broke out. Often she offered her services as second in a duel.

Another young woman of the time went even further than this, for she fought a duel—and won. She was a London girl, adventurous and high-spirited, and although she never considered it necessary, like the other, to go about in a masculine doublet and puffed breeches, she went alone to the places of popular resort and took a prominent part in all the recreations and discussions there. Not unnaturally it happened that she was, as our author describes it, 'suited by a young Cavaliero, who was so taken with the height of her spirit, wherewith she was endowed, as he preferred it before the beauty of an amorous face, wherewith she was but meanly enriched.' Realising that he had no honourable intentions, she decided to play a trick upon him, and promised that if he would come with a coach to a certain place, at a given hour, she would fly with him into the country. She kept the appointment, but what happened afterwards, in our author's own words, was this :

'Before she would mount her coach, calling him aside, she tells him how she had vowed never to consent to any man in that kind till she had first tried his metal in the field. Draw he must, or she will disgrace him ; in which combat, instead of a more amorous conflict, she disarmed him and, with a kick, wished him ever after to be more wary how he attempted a maiden's honour.'

To the London people who had heard these tales and perhaps seen the heroines of them at the playhouses, taverns and bear-baitings, there would have seemed nothing fantastic in the exploits of Shakespeare's heroines wandering adventurously in the disguise of youths.

Although Brathwaite never believed, with the Puritans, that stage-plays could be condemned out of the Scriptures, he had his own grounds for quarrel with the theatres, and

one of these was that they were responsible for the shutting up of country manor-houses and the resulting decay of the countryside. It was mainly the fault of the women, he thought. They were becoming so enamoured of these stage spectacles that they would no longer rest content in their country homes, like their mothers and grandmothers, but badgered their husbands to shut up house and live in London, where they could spend their afternoons in the theatres. The rage for foreign travel was bringing about the same result, but it was the theatres which provided the worst temptation. Thus the fine old manor-houses were shuttered and blind and inhospitable, and poor wayfarers did not know where to turn for a friendly fireside and a bed when darkness fell. 'Country houses must be barred up, lest the poor passenger should expect what is impossible to find, relief to his want, or a supply to his necessity.' Brathwaite took his countrywomen gravely to task in this matter :

'Do these interludes or pastimes of the time delight you? Begin you to disaffect a country life, and with a night persuasive rhetoric to incline the affections of your easy husbands to plant in the city, and to leave their ancient manor-houses, sometimes memorable for hospitality? Trust me, these are no promising arguments for modesty. Plants transplanted do seldom prosper.'

The movement from the countryside to the city had begun, and it was the stage-plays that were giving it impetus. One cannot help suspecting that perhaps Richard Brathwaite, who deplored it with evident sincerity, would himself have chafed in exile in the country, out of touch with the playhouses which had taken so powerful a hold on his imagination. With the merchant Antonio, he held the world to be 'a stage where every man must play a

part,' and perhaps this man who loved the theatre would have confessed to himself that he would rather play his own part in London, the centre of the stage of English life, than play it obscurely in the wings. The old controversies are dead now, and half-forgotten. Brathwaite, with his affection for the theatre clouded by his uneasy doubts whether that love were honourable or not, moves our interest but hardly our sympathy, because we cannot even in imagination re-enter the world where these old controversies were living things. Yet if the lapse of centuries has worn away the bonds of sympathy between him and us, the old writer with his gossiping tales, and his reflections on plays and on playgoers of a lost world, is one whose acquaintance is still worth making.

GOTTFRIED.

BY J. N. GOLDSMITH.

It was at Klappersteg, years ago, one Christmas afternoon, that I set out for a walk through the woods, just as if it were summer, with my map and spiked stick. I passed the Nursery slopes, and crowds of visitors falling about in the snow in the hope of learning the Telemark and the Christiania.

A mile from the village I was tempted by the firm snow to leave the road and follow the track of a skier into the pine woods; according to the map I could work round to the hotel in time for dinner.

It was about five o'clock when I entered the gloom of the woods—quite silent except for a rare fall of snow from an overladen branch. The melancholy reverie of the pines was oppressive. I was soon reflecting what would be the fate of the franc, and what would be left of the atom when Rutherford had finished with it :

The snow was hard for a long distance and my thoughts were now busy in a distant past. The village doctor of Ziegelhausen, how well he played Chopin—and then his testing question when I mentioned the Professor of Philosophy—did he stand on the solid rock of science :

At this point of my excursion I fell into a hollow snow-drift, and climbing out with difficulty, I emerged in a small clearing by a stream—the noisy Petersbach on the edge of the wood. I knew I had to turn right-handed and cross the brook—it was bridged here, but only by two fir-poles covered with ice.

While I stood there deciding that the bridge was impossible, I realised that I was not alone. Beside me in the clearing stood a very small man. In the dim light I could see his brown face wrinkled and smiling broadly, his lantern unlit slung over his shoulder, his long loose cap hanging over one ear. He looked me up and down and grinned.

A tourist completely equipped with map, stick, spiral puttees but unable to cross the brook was amusing to a native—there was nothing humiliating in that—his mirth seemed to embrace the woods and the snowfield beyond as if the day and the hour had something cheering for him.

I explained in tolerable German that I was making for the hamlet somewhere across the field, but I could not cross the poles.

Assuring me that I could, the little man—he was well made, no dwarf—walked out on to the poles, and standing on one foot kicked off the ice with the other. He returned evidently thinking the passage was now safe, but I refused to risk it.

‘Come on,’ he said, and leapt down into the stream.

He was almost invisible except for his hand on the pole. What help he would give me I could not imagine, but now, cross I must, and did, with the hand moving along just in front. He came out of the darkness and joined me on the farther bank.

‘You have got wet through,’ was all I could think of.

‘No,’ he said. There was a pause, he hitched his lantern rope, and it seemed the interview was at an end, so I offered a large silver Swiss coin and suggested that if his way led past an inn he should get something hot to drink.

The little man attempted to pat me on the shoulder, but could not reach.

'My dear sir,' he said, 'that is quite superfluous.' ('Mein lieber Herr, das ist ganz überflüssig.')

Somewhat discomfited, I asked him the way and received precise directions. I was to follow his footprints over the snowfield, and up the side of a hill to his house where I should find a path leading into the road. We shook hands, he stepped lightly along the poles and vanished in the shadow of the wood. I was alone in his territory.

His track was before me across a great plain of snow; at last it led to stepping-stones over a shallow stream. So far, good, but on the opposite bank the snow had not been touched; the little man had not crossed the water.

Perhaps something odd had happened, and I was going to find a gingerbread house. It was a moment to recall and doubt Berthelot's, '*le monde est aujourd'hui sans mystère.*' In this spirit I sought for and found the track lower down the stream, crossed it at an easier place and was soon trudging up a steep slope where steps had been kicked in the snow.

Presently the track led towards a solitary house built into the side of the hill.

The footprints turned aside, went up the hill, and appeared again on the roof where they stopped at the chimney. When the little man went home to bed he went down the chimney.

There was no other house, no living soul in sight, no one to ask. Silently I put my old friend's question, 'Did I stand on the solid rock of science?'

There was nothing to do but find the way to the high road and the inn. Over the coffee and Kirsch I made cautious enquiries—did a very civil little man live in the valley? The hostess recognised the description. Yes, one of two brothers, the other still smaller, very pious and well-to-do farmers. (*Sehr fromm und wohlhabend.*) Bachelors,

intending some day to marry suitable Mädels, who were regular Churchgoers and endowed with many flocks and herds.

No one in the hotel believed the story until the next day, when I could show the footprints on the roof. Then one lady suggested that I should call on my friend. No, never will I call in that farmyard—he would receive me with perfect civility and grin—probably present me with a brace of cheeses or a pair of goats. Anyhow, he would play the ordinary visitor off the stage. I shall never see Gottfried again, nor shall I ever meet his brother who may be another perfect blend of the Quaker and the Gurkha.

COMMUNITY.

I leaned from my bedroom window in the deep midnight of night,

And even here at the city's heart was a silence then ;

No sound in garden or street, unfooted and voiceless quite,

Save near at my eave a sob from the one sick sparrow of ten,

And over the stonebound ridged roof-sea the moonlight white

Flooding one breast the more not at peace in the nest of men.

C. S. SHERRINGTON.

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C. S. SHERRINGTON.

ROME IN 1937.

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BT.

It is a commonplace to say of any town in these latter days that it is changing rapidly. So far as bricks and mortar are concerned the statement in nine cases out of ten is true, but very often the life of the citizens is much what it has always been if due allowance be made for the improvement in the means of communication. The man who travels by Underground is not for that reason necessarily different from his father who went in a horse-drawn bus. In the case of Rome, on the other hand, the changes have been sweeping and fundamental : all have occurred within living memory, and many within the last two decades.

Rome is a trinity. First there is the Rome of the Republic and of the Empire : then there is the Rome of the Papacy, the latter, to quote Hobbes, 'no other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof' : lastly there is Rome, the capital of United Italy, and, under Fascism, well on the way to becoming Imperial once again. Yet there are not three Romes, but one Rome, and every Roman is at least as conscious of his city's past as of its present ; indeed, it would puzzle him to say where the one ended and the other began. The fall of the Western Empire is a prominent event in the history-books, but it is doubtful if it meant much to the contemporary Italian. The occupation of Rome by the troops of General Cadorna in 1870, and by the Fascists fifty-two years later, had a greater immediate effect, but the Rome of Signor Mussolini looks to that of Augustus. She

has taken all her conquerors captive, and the latest is the Duce.

Classical Rome was the quarry of its Papal successor, and the monuments of antiquity were the fortresses of the turbulent nobility in the Middle Ages when a Pope could make the Emperor come to Canossa, but was quite incapable of keeping order in his own capital city. When one reads the story of the internecine strife of Colonna, Orsini, and Savelli, it is to marvel, not that so much was destroyed, but that anything was preserved. It is a matter of congratulation that the mechanism of war was so primitive in its destructiveness. Perhaps, too, the relatively insignificant population prevented spoliation on a large scale. The medieval city contained only 15,000 to 40,000 people, as compared with between one and two millions in the days of the Empire. Even in the last decade of Papal rule houses were not continuous beyond the Piazza Barberini, and the Italian troops in 1870 advanced on the Porta Pia down a country lane, which is now that magnificent avenue, the Via Nomentana. The Rome that was the magnet of Christendom was small and congested, like London under the Tudors and Stuarts, and lived among the ruins of its pagan predecessor.

Since the fall of the Temporal Power there have been two periods of what estate agents delight in terming 'development,' one immediately after that event and the other since the War. On the whole, too, Rome has not fared so badly at the hands of the builder, and the area between the Borghese Gardens and the Villa Savoia need not fear comparison with the residential quarters of London or Paris. Of the business districts one cannot speak so highly, and few streets are as dreary as the Via Nazionale. The Fascist regime has been responsible for many new public buildings,

and the controversy some of them has aroused seems unlikely to die down for many a long year. Futurism in art and Fascism in politics have been closely connected since before the March on Rome, but the Mostra della Rivoluzione Fascista horrified the most ardent supporters of Signor Mussolini when it made its appearance four years ago. The present writer will not readily forget the wrath of the late Count Cippico on account of a few conventional phrases of approval of its architecture in a newspaper interview.

Nevertheless, the *bizarre* is the exception rather than the rule, and even the gaunt form of the Ministry of Corporations in the Via Vittorio Veneto does not obtrude itself; certainly it in no way mars the majesty of the *palazzo* that was for so long the home of Queen Margherita, the mother of the present King. Rome seems able to assimilate influences to an extent denied to other cities, and this applies to the arts as well as to other aspects of life. In this way the excavations, so prominent a feature of recent years, do not jar the eye, even when they are upon an extensive scale. Perhaps it is that Rome is so old that one instinctively looks in its buildings for evidence of its immortality, and to be convinced it is necessary to see the influence both of the Parthenon and of the Soviets.

At least a passing word of praise is due to those responsible for the present state of the excavations, particularly the *Forum Romanum* and the Palatine. A little more or a little less cleaning up would have spoilt the effect completely, and it is heightened by the entire absence of pay-gates, touting guides, and sellers of post-cards. What a relief it would be if the Greeks would but copy their Italian neighbours in this respect. High above the *Forum Romanum* in the gardens he made and loved is the grave of that great archaeologist Boni, to whom his work was a mission and a

religion rather than a science. To stand there at sunset when the nightingales are beginning to sing, and the Angelus is echoing in the distance, is to learn something of the spirit of Rome. It is one of the few experiences in this too hectic modern world that is not easily forgotten.

Yet Rome, as the young Italians of to-day rightly remind us, is no mere museum. She is the capital of a great nation, while—what is unique—she is the residence of two Heads of States, the King of Italy and the Pope, and of one of the most remarkable men of our time, Benito Mussolini. It is well that such should be the case, for the influence of Rome has a sobering effect upon the enthusiastic young Fascists who flock there from the provinces. Elsewhere they are somewhat inclined to ignore the truth of Burke's saying that 'people will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.' Rome broadens the outlook of the most narrow-minded.

For two generations, that is to say from the unification of Italy in 1870 to the Lateran Treaty of 1929, Roman society was in the main divided between Blacks and Whites, though at this late date it is probably impossible to discover the name of the English diplomat who said that neither appealed to him, as the one was too dull and the other too disreputable. After the Austrians had been expelled from Lombardy, and the dynasties in Central and Southern Italy had been driven from their thrones, many of their supporters took refuge in Rome, which thus became for a brief space a veritable home of lost causes. What the city was like in those days, when the streets were dotted with the soldiers of the Second Empire in their blue coats and red trousers, is well described by Disraeli in *Lothair*. These exiles and those who thought with them had naturally no desire to mix with the triumphant supporters of the new

King, and so the Blacks held themselves aloof. It must be confessed that the Whites deserved a good deal of the criticism levelled against them. Revolutions always bring the scum to the surface, and the *Risorgimento* was no exception. This distinction was further emphasised by the existence of two separate sets of diplomats, one accredited to the Vatican and the other to the Quirinal: this still obtains, and even the present Pope, Pius XI, does not view with favour any fraternisation between the foreign representatives at the Holy See and those at the Italian Court.

Until the death of Pius X the cleavage was complete, and it was deeper than that in England between Whigs and Tories in the reign of Anne. The war began a new orientation into interventionists and non-interventionists, while Fascism introduced a fresh element, and the Lateran Treaty finally removed the last reason for the old feud. To-day it is little more than a memory.

Roman society suffers from having no axis on which it can turn, for the Papacy is less aristocratic than of yore, and the monarchy is decentralised. Few foreign institutions are so completely misunderstood in England as the Italian monarchy, and it is generally assumed to be without importance in its own country. Actually, the Roman attitude towards the King and Queen is very much the same as was that of the Londoner towards King George V and Queen Mary, and for identical reasons. There is probably more ceremony observed on ordinary occasions at the Quirinal than at Buckingham Palace, but when one arrives at King Victor Emmanuel himself it is to find a very charming gentleman, of encyclopædic knowledge and the shrewdest judgment, with a manner that would put the most nervous at their ease. The humanity of the King is one of his most prominent characteristics, and recalls his murdered father,

Humbert the Good. At the time that Naples was experiencing a particularly bad epidemic of cholera, he was invited to be present at a race-meeting at Pordenone, but he excused himself with a telegram containing these words, '*A Pordenone si fa festa, a Napoli si muore; vado a Napoli.*' To Naples he went, and visited the areas most affected with a fearlessness that gained the admiration of even the bitterest opponents of the monarchy. His son is a man of the same stamp. As for the Queen, a few hours spent in the hospitals, clinics, and such-like places are sufficient to prove the love for her which is universal among the working-classes. There is not much entertaining on a large scale at the Quirinal, and the King and Queen spend a considerable part of each year at San Rossore, near Pisa.

The other members of the Royal Family are not ordinarily resident in Rome, and to understand in what the latter differs from London and Paris it is necessary to remember that until yesterday Naples, Florence, and several other towns were the capitals of independent states: they still have a life of their own reminiscent of that of Dublin and Edinburgh in the eighteenth century. The Prince and Princess of Piedmont, and the various cadets of the House of Savoy, reside in palaces in these different centres, and the latter's gain is Rome's loss. Those who know Italy well can testify to the good effects of this practice, which, one sometimes feels, might with advantage be copied in other countries.

Signor Mussolini rarely goes out socially, and then generally to some function at an embassy, but when he does appear he is extraordinarily good company. The members of the inner Fascist ring by no means always follow the self-denying ordinance of the Duce, and they are providing that new blood of which Roman society stood very greatly

in need. There are, too, new hostesses (it would be invidious to mention names) who successfully combine at their parties all that is best in old and new, without eliminating that cosmopolitan influence which has been marked for so long. At the moment this development, like much else in Rome, is but beginning, yet it cannot fail to be beneficial in the long run. Fascism favours youth, and youth is proverbially intolerant. The young party enthusiast from the provinces, promoted to an important post in Rome, is thus brought into contact with points of view other than his own, and his zeal becomes tempered with knowledge. So it was in the days of the Cæsars, and one might cite many an instance from Latin literature of the civilising influence of life in the capital. Out of the hostility of Blacks and Whites, and the creation of a fresh governing class in consequence of the triumph of Fascism, a new society is arising in Rome which may well be the most attractive in Europe, for the city is not too large for people to know one another. Not for nothing is she the centre of the greatest international organisation as well as the capital of Italy.

Home life has a greater hold upon all classes in Rome than in London or Paris, and it is the rule for those employed in offices and shops to go home for their midday meal. The café habit is not so strong as in some other Italian cities, notably Florence and Venice, and it is the exception to entertain at restaurants, save in the case of public functions. In the upper class it is usual to lunch at one-fifteen, but not to dine before eight-thirty, for the law requires that domestic servants must have a certain amount of free time each afternoon. There are not many clubs, but the two leading ones, the Scacchi and the Caccia, can hold their own with anything in Pall Mall and St. James's Street. The former, as its name implies, was originally a chess

club, and was one of the very few clubs allowed by the police in Papal times.

As is well known, no social stigma attaches to those who let off part of their palaces, and this is the custom. A few of these magnificent buildings have been diverted to public use, and a notable instance is the Palazzo Venezia, which is so frequently mentioned in the British Press as the office of Signor Mussolini. It was originally the Venetian embassy to the Holy See, and after the overthrow of the Republic of St. Mark it was put to a similar purpose by the Austrians. When the War came the Italian Government confiscated the building, and after he had been a year or two in office the Duce appropriated it as his official residence, though he does not live there. Just across the Piazza Venezia, at the corner of the Corso Umberto, is the house where Napoleon's mother died, and where, so it is said, a ghostly visitant came one May evening in 1821 to announce the Emperor's death, the news of which did not reach Rome otherwise until some weeks later. Another palace, the Chigi, is now the Italian Foreign Office. The embassies and legations have not, as might have been expected, taken over private houses to anything like the extent that has been the case in post-War London, and in Rome at any rate much of the glamour attaching to them and their occupants is gone. Certainly the days are no more when the whole district adjoining the Spanish embassy in the Piazza di Spagna formed a sanctuary; to the detriment of Roman morals, it may be added, for when pretty ladies were stopped by the Papal *sbirri* for solicitation they pleaded the protection of His Catholic Majesty.

The Roman, except for a few frivolous members of the aristocracy, is a serious individual, and he views life very differently from the light-hearted Tuscan and Neapolitan.

One cannot imagine the traffic of a Roman street being held up while a band of irresponsible young people danced ring-a-ring-o'-roses round an infuriated but helpless policeman on point duty, as has happened more than once in Florence. Nevertheless, the Roman does like his pleasures, and one of them is Ostia, the Margate of the capital, to which it is joined by a motor-road. Indeed, during the hot weather those who can spare the time drive down to Ostia for a bathe in the middle of the day. On the other side of the city are the hills, with such centres of attraction as Tivoli, Albano, and Frascati. The last-named has a special claim on English attention, for it was there that the last of the Stuarts resided for many years. There are still people alive who have spoken with those who saw the ill-fated grandson of James II; as his medal has it, 'Henry IX, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the faith, Cardinal Bishop of Frascati,' and, on the other side, '*Non desideris hominum, sed voluntate Dei.*' It is to be feared that the Cardinal King would not recognise his beloved Frascati to-day, for, like Richmond, its proximity to an ever-expanding capital has caused it to lose much of its individuality.

The country round Rome has been described so often that any account of it would be out of place here, but it must be observed that the Roman people now make full use of it. Motoring and cycling are growing in popularity every day, and sport of all kinds, for women as well as for men, is encouraged by the regime. The Press seems to carry even more sporting news than it does in England, which is saying a good deal. The new Mussolini Forum provides facilities for all sorts of recreation, and it is well patronised. The poorer classes, too, have the *dopolavoro* organisation, which enables them to make excursions at

reduced rates. For all his seriousness, the Roman manages to get a good deal of fun out of life. Of indoor amusements the cinema is easily the most popular and the most fashionable, while the theatre is not so extensively frequented. The Government is doing everything in its power to assist the Italian cinema industry, and new studios, rivalling those of Hollywood itself, are in process of erection on the road to Frascati.

It cannot be denied that one hears much criticism, not only on the score of economy, of the transformation of Rome during the past ten years. Such avenues as the Via del Impero and the Via Imperiale displaced many streets, some of them picturesque, and all dear to those who had known them from childhood. Yet it is often the foreigner, returned to Rome after a long absence, who most deplors the changes, for aliens have a habit of becoming more Roman than the Romans in the love of the city. In a short time, however, what was there before will have been forgotten, for no building of merit has been demolished. In fact the only justifiable grievance would seem to be that of people whose houses have been pulled down, and who, having been removed to the suburbs, now find that it costs them more to get to and from their work.

On the other hand, there can be nothing but praise for the social work which is everywhere in evidence. Mention has already been made of the *dopolavoro* organisation, but that represents only one aspect of what is being done. What may, broadly speaking, be described as welfare work is carried on under the auspices of the State, but by far the greater part of it is voluntary. There seems to be an idea abroad that Italian hospitals are run by the Church; but that is not the case, though members of Religious Orders are allowed to look after the sick if they are duly

qualified: they are certainly not given any advantages. Voluntary effort of this type is new to the Italian, particularly to the Italian woman, and there is a good deal of leeway to make up, but the enthusiasm and the skill are there already. In this connection it is extremely satisfactory to note that many English residents are participating in such activities, and it is only right that they should do so. They enjoy all the advantages of residence in Italy, and it is but just that they should shoulder some of the responsibilities.

No account of modern Rome would be complete without some reference to its intellectual life. Here, again, one has to remember that it is not Paris, and the university has not the tradition behind it of Bologna or Padua, but it is easier for an Englishman than for a Frenchman to appreciate this. On the other hand, the Roman undergraduates are an orderly fraternity, which is more than can always be said for their contemporaries elsewhere. The real intellectual centre of the capital is the Reale Accademia d'Italia, of which the Marchese Marconi is President. It is a new body, and was founded on the model of the French Academy, though its sphere of activity is somewhat more extended. It is housed in the beautiful Farnesina Palace, which was originally built by the first member of the famous banking family of Chigi to come to Rome. Once a year there assembles under its auspices the Convegno Volta, when *savants* and statesmen from all over Europe meet to discuss whatever subject has been selected for its deliberations. Society in Rome, unlike that in some modern capitals, is cultured, though the city cannot pretend to the artistic pre-eminence of Florence, nor has it the musical reputation of Milan. As befits its age, however, it takes a catholic interest in all forms of learning and art, if it specialises in none.

Leo XIII is alleged to have told a visitor to Rome that

if the latter stayed a week he would see everything, if a month he would see something, and if a year he would see very little. In the matter of pictures, museums, and monuments that is very true, but the life of Rome takes long to learn, for the city has seen too many strangers in the course of its long history to take them readily to its heart. However, once it does so, it is in no uncertain manner, and those who have once submitted to her spell will agree that Rome is their second home.

CONSCIENCE.

*There is a ghost-voice cries within my heart.
I hear it in the rustling of my dress,
It throbs in every pulse-beat, plays a part
In all my sorrow, all my joyfulness ;
With each new breath its sad persuasions start,
My very shadow trembles with its sound ;
Where secret things are shut its echoes dart—
Nor height nor deep can compass it around !*

*Persistent voice ! A thousand voices thine—
A thousand tongues that blend in tireless plea !
Ah ! give me grace to hearken, thou divine
Importuner who still pursuest me,
And claim me if thou canst, both thought and plan—
In serving thee to serve my fellow-man !*

MARGUERITE JOHANSEN.

BY THE WAY.

To some the beginning of May stands for the end of hunting, the close of that long, wet, cold, energetic, happy season, the passing of which is a joy to others : to these the date marks the time when the daily paper can be opened contentedly at the cricket news first of all. Last year it was Hammond to whom the mind sped at the breakfast-table before the weightier and less absorbing happenings of the world could be digested : who will it be this year ? Hammond again ? To others again the first of May brings to the thought agitations, banners, processions, and speeches : to a fourth section it means the gaiety and social delights of every kind that have won for the months about to unfold the proud simplicity of the title, 'the season.' This year it means to all the Coronation. Yet there is still a fifth section, to whom it will bring remembrance of the opening words of *Piers Plowman* : in vision, if not in reality, they will see themselves 'on Morven hillës.' To those privileged to be in the regions of orchards it is above all the time of apple-blossom : mile after mile their vale is flushed with the supreme beauty of the little pink buds opening out to their pale perfection.

For so many things so contrasted do these first days of real warmth and sunshine stand. They emphasise visibly the old truism that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. They mark the great change-over of the year, the desertion of the fireside and the football field for the open road and the tennis court. And if they bring sighs to some, to others they bring gladness. They make us all realise with peculiar vividness that there is in fact nothing absolute in the world. It is a good thing for us all that every now

and again in our hurrying courses we should be forced to pause and become conscious of a fact which is so true and so ordinary that we live in constant danger of forgetting it—the fact, I mean, that everything that happens has just so many facets as there are minds on which to receive its impressions. There is nothing in existence so important to remember as this which is so commonly ignored. We are perpetually imperilling our happiness and jeopardising the schemes that are dearest to our hearts by the assumption that our view of an event must necessarily be that in which it appears to others. A great man plans a policy and it never crosses his mind that it may well be that those parts of it which have the strongest attraction to him may to others seem its weakness—and in that omission he ceases to be great. A generous man devises a surprise intended to be hailed with enthusiasm, and he is hurt when he hears in the forced thanks that he has been sadly lacking in the power to put himself in the recipient's place. How many things done would have been left undone, how many things left undone would have been done, if only the mysteriously poignant words, 'I didn't think you'd take it like that!' had knocked beforehand on the consciousness!

* * *

At last we men have something by which we may be guided to the solution of life's greatest problem: a Swede has remarked that as between a dinner jacket and a tail-coat he prefers the latter, as then, in his own words, 'a man feels more feastly-minded.'

* * *

One way and another, between those who love and study poetry and those who are serenely indifferent to it, the poets are not having a very happy time. From the indifferent nothing is expected; but of late it has been a case of 'save

me from my friends.' Here is an extract from a review, written by one modernist of another, 'it is nonsense, and meant to be : but his use of words is exciting and quite individual, he is constantly producing images of remarkable clarity and evocative power.' Personally, of nonsense-writers I prefer Edward Lear. Soon after I had seen that, I read Mr. Scott James's pronouncement that 'the poets are thinking it their duty to drop poetry and write tracts' : no poet in the world's history has ever thought that, Milton's public services notwithstanding. As a matter of fact the writers specifically referred to are said to be driving ambulances for the Communists in Spain—good luck to them ! And, thirdly, induced by some words of commendation from Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, fine poet and acute critic, I have read *Merry-go-Round : a kind of poem*, by Edward Ellul (Boehringer, 5s.). Professor Abercrombie has described this as 'really very delightful' : to me it is really rather sad—a writer of considerable gifts solemnly devoting himself to work that, even on a second reading, remains obstinately without meaning and continually descends to such lines as : 'Not 'alf 'he [*sic*] didn't, not 'alf she don't : not 'alf.' It was not in such ways that the great satirists worked. What is of tragic interest is that it is this kind of thing which to-day gets both attention and praise : either our standards or our vision have gone from us. We gaze at our unrivalled heritage of poets and say, in effect, as the fond mother watching her son's battalion go by said, 'They're all out of step, except our Jock'—and that 'is nonsense, and (perhaps) meant to be.'

* * *

On the same morning I received, first, a letter from a correspondent resident in a British island in the middle of the Indian Ocean saying, 'My warmest regards always to

the best magazine that the world has thus far seen'—which was very gratifying : and, secondly, a letter from the centre of the United States in which the writer said, 'Although an American for 317 years, the time-old surge of British blood in my veins still pulses responsively.' That is pleasant reading : and has any other periodical in the world a correspondent of such unusual age ?

* * *

What a tiny little dot of land this island of ours is ! Recently I left London at 11.15 a.m., spent over four hours on the Atlantic shore and was back in London before 9 p.m.—and without the use of an aeroplane either. No wonder the visitors now flocking to us are afraid of falling off into the sea !

* * *

Two Irishmen were out in a boat fishing : one of them hooked a big fish but lost it, and time compelled a return home. On the journey the first was bewailing his loss to his friend. 'Never mind, Pat,' replied Seumas consolingly, 'to-morrow we'll come back and then we'll get him.' 'How shall we find the spot ?' asked Pat in dudgeon. 'Oh, that's easy enough : I marked it at the time by making a cross on the bottom of the boat just above it.' 'But,' objected Pat, 'we may not get the same boat.'

* * *

In this age, when as a rule it is only those who know nothing who are certain, it is refreshing to come on anyone who has both knowledge and certainty. In Sir Charles Petrie's attractively named *Lords of the Inland Sea* (Lovat Dickson, 10s. 6d. n.), or as its more direct sub-title runs *A Study of the Mediterranean Powers*, the European situation is examined in a way that is as absorbingly interesting as it is undeniably provocative. Sir Charles is not at all averse to stating with all the trenchancy at his command

(and that is no small measure) both his likes and his dislikes : in this survey statesmen are either good or bad, never gray (countries also : for example, 'at heart the Italian will never be a militarist, whilst the German will never be anything else'), and this certainty makes for clearness in analysing tendencies and policies. Thus, King Victor Emmanuel and the King of the Hellenes receive unstinted eulogies ; Mussolini is among the greatest statesmen of all time and indeed beyond criticism, Salazar 'has accomplished one of the most remarkable feats of the century'—on the reverse side come Balfour ('whose record of mistakes, save when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, is unparalleled even in English political history'), Baldwin, Eden, all Russians, particularly Litvinoff, and the League of Nations ('the sooner the League is wound up the better'), and democracy in general ('all republics appeal to the lowest in man'—cf., earlier in the book, 'the French Revolution was one of the greatest disasters that have ever afflicted mankind'). Such pronouncements naturally detract from the impartiality of this investigation—and that is a pity, for it has great value. Sir Charles is at his best in his penetrating analysis of French politics—wherever Italy is concerned, though he can be exceedingly interesting, as in his article on another page of this issue, he is apt in this volume at all events to become uncritical ; on the Abyssinian outrage, for instance, he writes, 'Very few Englishmen wished to do more than make a certain rude gesture at Mussolini, whilst most of them had no desire even to do that'—which is surely completely to misrepresent the strength and sincerity of our national feeling. But, agree or disagree, no reader can fail to be profoundly interested in this very important book ; he will continually be instructed and often, even against his will, impressed and even converted.

★ ★ ★

Do we, even with all the evidence daily before our eyes, fully recognise the extent of the changes which have been, and are, sweeping across the world to-day? We accept the transformations wrought upon us by the motor-car, the cinema, and the wireless, but do we also understand what transformations these—and other similar mechanical and scientific inventions—have wrought upon others? It has always been supposed, for instance, that the East was 'immemorably' unchanging; that idea can no longer be sustained. It is only necessary to read Lilo Linke's new book to be certain of that. Lilo Linke is—like Freya Stark, to whose indomitable spirit hers bears comparison—a confirmed believer in solitary travel for girls in uncouth places: now after two important books, one on France and the other on Germany, she has wandered alone through the length and breadth of modern Turkey: her title *Allah Dethroned* (Constable, 15s. n.) is not particularly happy—little other criticism can be passed on a book that is throughout of quite unusual interest and attraction. For all who really want to know the story of the astounding transformation that is Turkey, told with great vivacity, here is their book.

* * *

Those who like to read about the excessively primitive will find their tastes admirably catered for in Julian A. Weston's *The Cactus Eaters* (Witherby, 10s. 6d. n.). Few have heard of the wild Goajira Indians, and far fewer have ever penetrated into that prickly, arid corner of the world on the borders of Columbia and Venezuela in which they eke out a poverty-stricken and futureless existence. It is proved possible to write with simplicity a book full of description of them and to entertain as well as instruct. And to folk-lore the volume is a valuable addition.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 163.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers, containing the coupon from page iv, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach the Editor by 29th May.

'Now slides the ——— on, and leaves
A shining furrow,'

1. 'She shut the cold out and the ———
And kneel'd and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm ;'
2. 'Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western ———,'
3. 'For some we loved, the ——— and the best'
4. 'Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
———, good fame'
5. 'There is a silence where ——— sound may be,'
6. 'The Kings of Ind ——— jewel-sceptres veil
And from their treasures scatter pearlèd hail ;'

Answer to Acrostic 161, March number : 'Of the world for ever, it seems' (Arthur O'Shaughnessy : Ode). 1. WalkS (Alice Meynell : 'The Lady of the Lambs'). 2. OpiatE (Keats : 'Ode to a Nightingale'). 3. RepinE (Landon : 'Resignation'). 4. LooM (Tennyson : 'The Lady of Shalott'). 5. DreamS (Beddoes : 'Dream Pedlary').

The first correct answers opened were sent by Miss Sinclair, St. Clements, Paignton, and Miss Jean D. Gowans, 60 Craig Park, Glasgow, E.1, who are invited to choose books, as mentioned above. N.B.—Sources need not be given.

